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THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.

An' shure I was tould to come here to your honor,
To see if you d write a few words to me Pat;
He's gone for a soger is Mister O'Conner,
Wid a stripe on his arm and a band to his hat.

An' what'll you tell? it ought to be aisy
For such as your honor to spake wid the pen,
And say I m all right, and that mavourneen Daisy
(The baby, your honor) is betther agen.

For whin he went off, it s so sick was the childer,
She niver held up her blue eyes to his face,
And whin I d be crying, he'd look all the wilder,
And say would I wish for the country's disgrace?

So he left her in danger, and me sorely greeting,
And followed the flag with an Irishman's joy,
O! it'e often I drame of the great drums a beating,
And a bullet gone straight to the heart of me boy.

And say will he send me a bit of his money,
For the rint and the doctor s bill, due in a week?
Well surely there's tears on your eyelashes, honey,
Ah! faith I've no right wid such freedom to speak.

You're overmuch trifling—I'll not give you trouble;
I'll find some one willin'; oh! what can it be?
What's that in the newspaper folded up double?
Your honor—don t hide it—but read it to me.

What! Patrick O'Conner—no, no, it's some other;
Dead! dead!—no not him, 'tis a week scarce gone by;
Dead! dead!—why the kiss on the cheek of his mother—
It hasn't had time yet, your honor, to dry.

Don't tell me—it's not him—O God! am I crazy?
Shot dead!—oh, for the love of sweet heaven say no!
An' what'll I do in the world wid poor Daisy?
O! how will I live, and O! where will I go?

The room is so dark—I'm not seein', your honor;
I—think—I'll go home;—and a sob quick and dry
Came sharp from the bosom of Mary O Connor,
But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye.

THE HUNTER'S REWARD.

In the spring of 1790, two young men, George Dill and Peter Brown, both carpenters, launched a small boat on the Monongahela, and having supplied themselves with an ample stock of provisions and ammunition, dropped down the river on an exploring and hunting expedition. They proceeded unmolested down the Ohio several hundred miles below Wheeling, where they landed on the Kentucky side, and erected a cabin of poles, which they covered with small branches and moss. It was situated a short distance from the river's bank, near a good spring, among tall and heavy timber. After storing their effects, which consisted of cooking utensils, a few mechanical implements, several blankets, and some wearing apparel into the cabin, they shouldered their rifles, and accompanied by two trusty dogs, betook themselves to the woods.

Being aware that this section of country was sometimes visited by bands of hostile Indians, either to kill game or attack boats ascending the river, the young hunters kept a sharp look out, lest they should be surprised by a superior force. Game was abundant, and they had the good fortune to kill several deer during their first excursion. After three days' absence, they returned, laden with skins and meat, to their hut, and found the premises undisturbed. By ascending a small knoll in the vicinity of their moss-covered cabin, they had a clear view of the river, and could see any boats that might be passing, while the high grass and underbrush afforded them a hiding-place, where they could conceal themselves completely from observation.

A month had passed, and neither friend or foe had appeared, and the hunters continued their excursions and penetrated further into the interior, where they found a beautiful country with a rich soil and fine streams. On one occasion they had been absent ten days, and on returning to their cabin again, found everything in the condition in which they had left it. They now began to congratulate themselves upon their peaceful and undisturbed occupancy of the country. Their dogs, however, appeared much excited, and kept moving about for some time, as if they scented something unusual, but at length entered the cabin and composed themselves. Dill supposed that some wild animal had recently passed along, but Brown was strongly impressed with the belief that their habitation was discovered. Before starting on their next trip, Brown so arranged some of the articles in the cabin, without mentioning it to Dill, that the slightest touch would change their position sufficiently to enable him to detect it. The weather had now become warm, and after being out several days, Brown proposed that they should return to the cabin. Dill remonstrated for some time, but eventually assented, and they agreed to start on their return trip early the next morning, so as to avoid the heat of the day, having some eight or ten miles to travel.

About a quarter of a mile inland from the cabin, in a small open space, our adventurers had planted a few hills of corn and squashes, which soon came up, but received no further attention. In returning that morning, they digressed a little from their direct course for the purpose of looking at their "truck patch." Immediately after they arrived there, their dogs exhibited unmistakable signs of alarm. Brown observed it, and immediately communicated his suspicions to his comrade that all was not right. After some consultation, it was agreed that Dill should conceal himself in the underbrush, and keep one of the dogs with him, while Brown would take the other and advance toward the cabin. When within about thirty rods from the cabin, and after reconnoitering the vicinity, he motioned to Dill to come on, and the two, with their rifles at a trail, and the dogs at their heels, approached the cabin together. In glancing over the effects of the cabin, Brown discovered that somebody had been there during their absence, which vindicated his suspicions, and, in his opinion, accounted for the strange conduct of the dogs, on the former as well as on the present occasion. The ground around the hut was examined for footsteps, but none could be discovered. Dill then went to examine their boat, which they had run into the mouth of a creek a short distance below, and secured there—it was safe, and had not been disturbed.

In the evening, measures were taken for defence, should an attack be made in the course of the night—but the hunters were not molested. At the dawn of day they seized their rifles, and repaired to the knoll in the rear of the cabin, and there concealed themselves, intending to remain there during the day, unless circumstances should arise making it necessary for them to alter their resolution. They lay quiet until the afternoon, and began to think they had been unnecessarily alarmed, when they espied a female, with no other clothes than a calico skirt, reaching from her middle to little below the knees, approaching the cabin with cautious steps. A single glance sufficed to convince them that she was not an Indian squaw; and as soon as she had entered the cabin, Brown approached it alone and unarmed, so as not to alarm her or frighten her away. He walked leisurely forward, with his hands crossed on his back—and when the female saw him, she threw up both arms and uttered a wild scream, but did not attempt to run. Brown addressed her kindly, and she awaited his approach, not speaking a word until he was within several yards of her, when she told him, in a few words, that she had been a captive among the Indians from whom she had just escaped, and with tears in her eyes, asked his aid and protection.

Dill then left his place of concealment and took both rifles on his shoulder, and went to the cabin. The three then sat down on a log together, and the female related her story, which was listened to with great interest by both of the hunters.

She was the daughter of a wealthy planter in Virginia, and had been taken captive the preceding fall, and carried, first to Chillicothe, and afterwards to Sandusky, where she was adopted into the family of an Indian, who had two sons and two daughters, who generally treated her kindly. Several weeks prior to her escape, this family had come to the Ohio river in search of game and plunder, and had encamped several miles above, where the men constructed a light canoe, and crossed to the Kentucky side, leaving the women alone at the camp.

After their return in the evening, she gathered from their conversation that there were white men not far off. They crossed over the river a second time, and on coming into camp a second evening, held a council about some matter apparently of great importance to themselves. The next morning the men started early in the direction of Chillicothe, charging the women to remain about the camp until their return; and it was her opinion they had gone for reinforcements to attack the white men whom they had discovered. During their absence, she formed the resolution of attempting to escape, and managed to separate herself from her companions, and jumped into the canoe the men had constructed, and rowing for life, soon reached the Kentucky shore. After wandering about for three days, she discovered the hunter's hut, and then withdrew, resolved to watch for its owners, and if they were friends, as she doubted not they would prove to be, to cast herself upon their kind protection. Her name she gave as Sallie Green, the only daughter of Richard Green, of Virginia.

The hunters had a pretty good supply of wearing apparel left, from which Sallie was directed to select such articles as were most suitable, and make them into a dress for herself, which she promptly did, and the next day, had herself decently clad. Being barefoot, Dill presented her with a pair of shoes and socks, which, though much too large for her feet, became of great service to her afterwards.

What was now to be done? It was quite manifest that the party's position was unsafe. The Indians had discovered them, and would undoubtedly attack them before many days. The warm sun had opened the seams of the boat, and it was leaky and unfit for use. The river was at a low ebb, and it was not likely that any boats would soon descend the river on which they might secure a passage to some of the settlements below. After full deliberation, it was resolved to attempt escape from their perilous situation by land, and endeavor to reach the border settlements of Virginia. They would be obliged to leave their few implements and stock of skins behind—but what were these compared with their own lives, which would be jeopardized by remaining much longer?

A little stock of meal yet remained, and they had sufficient stock of jerked venison to last them during their journey, and a pocket compass by which to direct their course. The remainder of the day was spent in arranging their packs, and on the following morning they were to take up their line of march for Virginia, through an unbroken wilderness.

Who can tell what to-morrow may bring forth? Whilst these preparations were going on at the cabin, the old Indian and his sons, with others whom they had met in the path to Chillicothe, returned to the camp, and on learning the escape of the "pale faced squaw," immediately went to work and constructed a small raft, on which they crossed the river in the night, and proceeded towards the cabin. Just as it became clear enough to discern objects, the hunters' dogs grew very restless, and set up a low growl. Sallie expressed her belief of Indians lurking about. Brown and Dill seized their rifles, and placed themselves immediately outside of the entrance of the cabin, ready for emergencies. Presently two Indians were seen approaching with stealthy steps. They were suffered to come within range of rifle shot, and then both hunters fired, and both Indians fell. Three others, who had stood concealed behind some large trees, now rushed forward over the dead bodies of their comrades, and before the hunters had time to reload, they were within a few rods of the cabin, brandishing their tomahawks and yelling as they are wont to do when making an attack. Brown and Dill prepared to meet them, the former with a hatchet, and the latter with the butt of his rifle, while Sallie was cooly reloading the other rifle. The Indians paused for a moment in the face of such a foe, and in another moment a ball from the rifle in the hands of the maiden laid one of them sprawling on the ground.

The hunters now sallied out, and averting the blows aimed by the Indians with their tomahawks, each grappled his man. For a time the contest was doubtful, but at last the hunters got the better of their adversaries, and held them firmly to the ground, where, with Sallie's aid, they were securely bound with deer-skin straps. Dill kept watch over the prisoners, while Brown went forth to reconnoitre. Seeing the coast clear, he quickly returned, and at the girl's suggestion, the prisoners, with their arms pinioned, were led to the river and placed on their own raft, which was then pushed into the current, and with its live freight set adrift.

Before the hunters had got fairly out of the water, they were greeted with a volley from the rifles of four Indians who, it is supposed had been lying somewhere in the vicinity, watching for the passing boat, and were attracted to the spot by the late firing of the combatants. Dill was shot dead, but Brown escaped unhurt, and ran in the direction of the cabin. Three of the savages followed the raft to save their brethren, and the other, a tall, athletic fellow, gave chase to Brown. The firing at the river alarmed Sallie, who was in possession of the hunters' rifles, and she therefore held herself in readiness to repel any attack that might be made on her, or to give any assistance she could to the hunters. She soon saw Brown approaching, followed by his savage foe, but so swift was their speed that she did not venture to fire, preferring to wait a better opportunity. An Indian seldom stumbles, but this one happened to strike his foot against some impediment, when within sixty yards of the cabin, and close to the heels of Brown, and almost fell. Before he had fully recovered himself, the girl sent a ball through his body, which arrested his progress. Brown's trusty rifle always proved fatal when held in the hands of Sallie Green.

Brown and the girl, knowing that the savages at the river would soon come up in search of their comrade, hastily left the spot, armed with two rifles, and carrying some dried venison and a blanket, were followed by the hunters' faithful dogs. The day was far spent; but the moon rising in the evening, gave sufficient light to enable them to proceed through the woods. They travelled after day-light. They stopped a few moments at a spring and refreshed themselves with a little venison and a few draughts of fresh water, and then again pressed forward, and continued with but little abatement during that day and the following night. Finding they were not pursued, they now travelled more leisurely. After enduring hunger and fatigue, on the tenth day they reached one of the border settlements of Virginia, where they procured horses and a guide, and in three days after arrived at the house of Mr. Green. The meeting between Sallie and her parents can be better imagined than described. Tears of joy were shed in profusion.

The hunter remained with Mr. Green for a season, who was then engaged in the erection of a handsome dwelling for himself on a neighboring plantation which he had purchased. About the time of its completion, they had a merry time one day at the house of Mr. Green—it was the day on which Peter Brown and Sallie Green were married.

A CHAPTER ON FISHING.

As the present, of all months in the year, is the one in which our piscatorial friends indulge most in the sport of fishing, and consequently, are most interested in anything concerning it, we publish for their benefit, the following chapter thereon, giving the when, where, and how to catch the various kinds of the finny tribe:

JANUARY.—South of the Potomac the fishing is good in this month, particulary in the more Southern States. Striped bass and trout may be taken in South Carolina and vicinity; also in Florida. Trout, red-fish, cat-fish and other kinds of the finny tribe, in Louisiana, by the sportsmen of New Orleans and vicinity. In the States north of the Delaware very little is done, except in mild weather, when sport is had in taking trout and pickerel through the ice. The Northern angler's time, at this season, would be well employed in making his flies, tying on hooks, repairing nets and rods, and putting his tackle in order against the approaching season.

FEBRUARY.—While in the more southern parts of the country the fishing continues good, at the North, except the season be very early, little is done, except spearing, or ice fishing. In many of the Northern and Eastern States, the taking of trout is prohibited until the first of March. The Waltonian of the North, therefore, should be content to let his more southern friends enjoy themselves, and anticipate his sport in the following month.

MARCH.—This may be called the first fishing month at the North, and if the weather prove mild and spring-like, as described in the beautiful lines below, the angler of the North can begin to count his game with his brother angler of the South. Sometimes, however, winter, with his chilling northern winds, delays his departure, and lingers in the lap of genial spring. This matters not much with the enthusiastic sportsman of New York, Long Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. Accoutred in his stout fishing habiliments, with his water-proof boots, armed with his trout rod, and equipped with his basket, bait-box, and tackle-book, he pursues the wily trout with considerably more satisfaction, and a great deal more pleasure, than could the most sanguine Texan Ranger the most deceitful Mexican. The salt water angler, also, has a taste of sport in this month, in angling for Tom-cod and flounders.

APRIL.—The Angler, at the entrance of this month, bids adieu to wintry doubts and fears, and with confidence embraces every opportunity of enjoying his favorite sport. Salmon, Trout, Perch, Pickerel, and Striped and Black Bass, Weak Fish, Black Fish, Flounders, and in fact almost every denomination of the finny tribe, begin to bite freely. The sea as well as the fresh water adds to the variety of the Angler's pleasure. He can embark in the steamboat, and angle along the briny deep or take the railroad car, and throw his fly adown the swift running brook. The business man, the lawyer, the minister, the student, the mechanic, after a tedious winter's confinement to city life, should seek a few days' enjoyment amid the green hills of the country, in pursuit of sport, previous to commencing their season of toil.

MAY.—This month, as well as the following, offers more inducements to the Angler, contemplative man as he naturally is, than either of the other ten. The mildness of the weather, the soft and balmy atmosphere, the beauty of the fields, clad in their new and pleasing verdure, the budding trees and flowers, so eloquently described by the poet:—

"Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around;
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mixed in wild concert, with the warbling brooks
Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.

"When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierced the streams, and roused the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breeze's curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds,
High to their fount——"

all tend to make him in love with his art. In the southern and central parts of the country, the fly can be thrown for trout with great effect during this month. Trolling for pickerel is also good, together with sport among all the denominations of the piscatory tribe mentioned in the preceding month. Bass can be taken during this month at the following places:—Kingsbridge, Pelham Bridge, McComb's Dam, Passaic River, Hackensack River, Jersey City, Communipaw, Port Richmond, Bergen Point, Newark Bay, Newtown Creek, Manhattanville, Fort Washington, Croton River, Gowanus Creek; and Black Fish at Harlem River, Hurlgate, New Rochelle, Wamaroneck, Robin's Reef, Black Tom on Jersey Flats Port Richmond, Fort Diamond, Atlantic Dock, Oyster Pond Point, L. I., Staten Island Bluffs, The Monument or Dumb Beacon. Angling for Black Fish, at the above-mentioned places, continues good until late in the fall.

JUNE.—The rosy month of June, the month of love and flowers, the poetic and ethereal month, about which so much has been said and sung, is, perhaps, the best month in the year for the Angler's pleasure. With a General Rod, a couple of reels, suitable lines, and a book well supplied with tackle, the disciple of gentle Izaak can, if he choose, travel from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, and partake of a variety of sport unknown to any other part of the civilized world, and which a king might envy. No man that loves the gentle art, and particularly the trout fly fisher, should let this month pass without a portion of the fine sport with the rod and reel. The poet Street beautifully describes fishing in Sullivan county, at this season, as follows:—

"We break from the tree-groups, a glade deep with grass;
The white clover's breath loads the sense as we pass.
A sparkle—a streak—a broad glitter is seen,
The bright Callikoon through its thickets of green!
We rush to the banks—its sweet music we hear;
Its gush, dash, and gurgle all bent to the ear.
No shadows are drawn by the cloud covered sun,
We plunge in the crystal, our sport is begun.
Our line, where that ripple shoots onward we throw,
It sweeps to the foam-spangled eddy below.
A tremor—a pull—the trout upward is thrown,
He swings to our basket—the prize is our own!"

The greatest amount of fishing in this month is done with black and weak-fish, little being done among the bass. Weak-fish are taken in great abundance at the usual bass grounds, but the favorite places are at Manhattanville, in Buttermilk Channel, opposite Governor's Island, at the Old Hancock Wreck, near Staten Island, and other places in the lower bay.

JULY.—The same spirit entices the angler in this month as in the last, and although

"The Summer sun shines strong and bright,
Yet trout at flies will quickly bite."

No diminution in zeal is known to the fly fisher. The weak fish appear and are taken in great abundance in the vicinity of New York. The tautog, or black fish, is sought after by the anglers of Boston, Long Island, and New York. The blue fish is also taken by squid trolling in large quantities at Shrewsbury, Fire Island, and other places along the coast. All who go into the country during this month should take a hook and line, and do something in the way of angling.

AUGUST.—There is more angling done in this month than any of the twelve. The city may be said to have emptied itself into the country. All denizens of the metropolis who get any fresh air during the summer season, if they do not go before, generally go some time during this month. The old tackle lain by since the last fishing frolic is overhauled, replenished, and put in order, or new purchased; those that never fished are tempted to try their luck, and those who always fished are off for their old stamping grounds, sure of a mess of their favorite game. The fly fisher of the Middle States makes his excursions further north, where the trout are rather later in taking the fly; thus he takes his last sip of this trouterian treat, after which he lays by his pliant rod and light tackle and adapts his sport to a more seasonable game.

SEPTEMBER.—This is a good angling month. Trout fishing, with the exception of far northern streams, may be said to be over. The battles fought, the victories won, are recounted, and those who went to the right streams at the right time have a great deal to say about weight and numbers; those who went at the wrong time, not knowing their ground, had a pleasant time, but did not get many trout. Within the first autumnal month commences the striped bass fishing; those who delight in this branch of the angling art, should watch their old haunts and be off at the first run of these favorite fish. The black bass, perch, pickerel, and all descriptions of fresh and salt water fish are angled for with good success during this month. Good sport is had during this and the two following months with the weak fish and black fish, but the favorite sport is bass, the largest fish and the greatest quantity being taken during these months, October generally (weather favorable) being considered the best of the three. The best places are Harlem River, Hellgate, Croton River, Passaic River, Wallabout, Manhattanville, Port Richmond.

OCTOBER.—This is the best month in the year for striped bass or rock fish angling. The bass angler should be on the alert and let no favorable opportunity pass while this delightful month runs on its course. He should be well supplied with stout tackle adapted to the largest sized fish, for if he do not take them during this month, his chance will be less in the next. The southern angler again puts his house in order for his sporting season, and the last sport is had for the season among the various fresh and salt water fish at the North.

NOVEMBER.—If the weather be mild in this month, the same sport is had as in the last, and while the northern sportsman winds up his line, as he expects, every time as winter approaches with chilly apprehension, for the last time, his more southern brother of the rod looks forward with bright prospects for the future. Nine months of the year, patient angling, is sufficient to satisfy the most enthusiastic disciple of Walton.

DECEMBER.—Sport is continued during this month by the enthusiastic northern and western sportsmen, by cutting holes through the ice, while at the south and southwest, more genial climes produce the regular catalogue of game for the season. Those who conclude to put by their tackle should see that all their equipments are free from dampness, and that they are placed where they will not get too dry, or they will want many repairs before being again fit for use.

As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul:
When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds
But chrystal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake;
With frequent leap they rouse the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every watery snare;
His hooks, his lines peruse, with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rods retie.—GAY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S OPINION OF SALMON FISHING.—"Salmon fishing is to all other kinds of Angling, as buck shooting to shooting of any meaner description. The Salmon is, in this particular, the king of fish. It requires a dexterous hand, and an accurate eye, to raise and strike him; and when this is achieved, the sport is only begun, where, even in Trout, unless in cases of unusually lively and strong fish, it is at once commenced and ended. Indeed, the most sprightly Trout that ever was hooked, shows mere child's play in comparison to a fresh-run Salmon. There is all the difference which exists between coursing the hare and running the fox. The pleasure

and suspense are of twenty times the duration, the address and strength required are infinitely greater, the prize, when attained, not only more honorable, but more valuable. The hazards of failure are also a hundred fold multiplied; the instinct of the Salmon leads to singular efforts to escape, which must be met and foiled by equal promptitude on the part of the Angler."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REVOLUTION.—If you mean the original Chicago Zouaves, there were not more than a hundred, or one company, of which Ellsworth was first in command, and McCheaney second. There are no others from that city to our knowledge. The Fire Zouaves or 11th Regiment, are officered as follows:—Noah Farnham, Colonel; John Gregier, LA Col.; and John Coyle, Captain of Co. A.

COCK OF THE WALK.—Both native born, of Irish parents. About five feet five or six in height, 128 or 130 lbs in weight, and between 26 and 28 years old. They are much of the same appearance and build, and that's as near as we can fetch it. 2. Engaged collecting the items; will publish pretty soon.

H. F. R., Dunkirk—1. As A bet B that his "drop" would reach its destination *before* B's, and as they both got there simultaneously, it is as plain as a pike staff that B won, since getting there at the same time, can by no means be construed into getting there *before*. 2. No charge. 3. A funny thing to bet on.

R. MALCOLM, Newburgh.—First, sponge well with apple-jack; second, wash thoroughly with castile soap, and when dry, apply palm-oil, with one fourth of vinus turpentine. This is invaluable, and a sure remedy.

HARRY BLUFF, N. Y.—1. The Alida made the passage from New York to Albany, in 6 hours, 21 minutes. 2. Males, we believe. 3. The track, we were informed on good authority, was a full mile.

F. A. V., Indianapolis, Ind.—The Metropolitan Theatre, formerly Metropolitan Hall, was opened on September 18th, 1854, by Willard, of Boston.

J. M. B., New York.—We are not in possession of sufficient facts to give you her history. We refer you to the CLIPPER of the time you speak of.

J. J. B.—We know of no law that would debar you from taking pleasure in that way, so long as you don't commit a "breach of the peace."

OR ANY OTHER MAN, Washington, Ky.—Johnny Mackey is in England.

CHESS, N. Y.—By no means. When a party is checkmated the game is finished.

E. C. G., Philad'a.—Address a note to R. Savage, Sec. Wheatley Dramatic Association, Philadelphia, P. O.

SPARTACUS, Johnsonville.—Horace L. Hegeman & Co., Druggists, 24 William street.

YOUR, N. Y.—1. Genuine "contraband." 2. Four times for one dollar.

H. A. E., East Tenth St., N. Y.—Will answer by mail this week.

COMMERCE, Troy, N. Y.—We have but one or two copies.

W. H. H., Scranton.—We do not know where he is at present.

GOODWOOD RACES.

This important event of the British Turf commenced on Tuesday July 30, and the interest manifested in it was quite equal to former years. Our latest advices from thence, at the present writing, are up to July 18, so that it is probable that by the time the CLIPPER reaches its readers, the result may be known of some of the more important races. We mention this as a warning, so that our friends may not be inveigled into a bet on a "sure thing." The redoubtable turf prophets are not off the track yet we perceive, notwithstanding their late lamentable efforts in sooth-saying. For the Goodwood Stakes, "Beacon" of *Bell's Life* thrown light on the subject, by selecting the American horse Starke and Echo as the most likely to win them, giving them the preference in the above order, while "Augur" of the *Sporting Life* adheres to the same couple, but reverses the order, Starke being second favorite with him. We are sorry somewhat, that these scors have so marred their reputations in foretelling winners by so seldom naming them, because it leads us to suppose, that notwithstanding their favorable mention of the American horse, that he will not be as successful as they seem to think and as we hope. The chances for the American horse winning, however, are further confirmed by "Touchstone" of the *Era*, who prefers, first, Starke; second, Echo; third, Canary. Verily, with these weighty opinions in favor of his horse, Mr. Ten Broeck ought to pocket the Goodwood stakes. Poor Umpire, does not appear to be worthy of mention. For the Goodwood Cup, American stock seems also to run high; "Touchstone" placing Optimist first, Wizard second, and the French horse, Mon Etoile, third, and in further elucidating the "why and wherefore," says:—"*we are bound to back the Americans more formidable than they have ever been in previous years for the Goodwood Cup, in which they must assuredly be first or second.*" There, what should be thought of that; we hope "Touchstone" has touched the right stone this time. "Beacon" is also very generous to us in this race, and presents us with the Cup, if the Wizard does not come some slight of hand dodge, and do us out of it. "Augur" also augurs exceedingly well for us, and in the most positive terms, says that we are to have the Cup. Read what he says:—"As it was with me in the beginning, so let it be to the last, let my choice be for Optimist and Optimist *alone*." By the generosity of these gentlemen, it would appear therefore that Mr. Ten Broeck is to have both Cup and Stakes; surely the goose has laid the golden egg this time. This is pretty well too, after running him off the British Turf altogether, as they did a week or two ago. However, we are thankful in due measure for their kind consideration for our turf representative, but we feel impelled to say, that this good fortune for him by wholesale, looks "very like a whale."

THE GREAT PUGILISTIC CHALLENGE.—By our late advices from England, we have no response or allusion to the challenge to fight any man in England for $10,000, sent over recently by John C. Heenan. By our columns elsewhere, however, it will be seen, that arrangements for the next fight for the Championship of England have already been entered into, and articles of agreement drawn up to fight in January next, King to be the redoubtable opponent of Mace. In the meantime, the former has a little "go" in October, by way of getting and keeping his hand in. As King is the stoutest man, it is predicted by some, that he will be "monarch of all he surveys," so far as the British Prize Ring is concerned, and some even, on this side of the water, express the hope that it may be so, so that he might be induced to take up Heenan's banter, provided it is not already taken by some one else, before his fate at the hands of Mace is settled. Their desire for such a result is, that there might not be so much difference in weight, as there would be between Heenan and Mace. We do not see, however, why our American friends need trouble themselves about that difference, since the Britishers themselves don't, unless when the odds are against them. No one noticed any complaints from them about Hurst being too big for Mace, nor do we notice anything in that way in reference to King, and yet both men are by no means Lilliputians. However, "we shall see what we shall see" when Heenan is replied to.

GOOD NEWS.—It is generally rumored, that Garibaldi, the hero of the recent war for Italian independence, will soon be in this country, to assume, with the rank of a Major Generalship, the active duties of the commission. Most fervently do we hope that this may be the case. Garibaldi is one of those live men, like Fremont, who are invaluable in a crisis like that on which we have fallen. A leader in the Union Army, there is no doubt about his professional usefulness; at the same time, it is no disparagement to our citizen commanders, to say that the advent of Garibaldi, for the purpose specified, would add moral weight to our struggle, as it would furnish a fresh hope for our entire success over the rebels.

THE CHAMPION OF IRELAND.—From the interest manifested by the readers of the CLIPPER, in the fight published in our last issue between Dan Donnelly, the Champion of Ireland, and Oliver, we have concluded to give the fight between him and Cooper in this week's. Read it, it will be found equally as interesting as the account of the battle then published.

A NEW RACE TRACK.—At Saratoga, Nebraska Ter., the enterprising citizens of that place have fitted up a race course one mile in circumference. Their fast nags will be tried on the course during the Fall meeting.

A DANCING CHALLENGE.—John Coady, of Rochester, N. Y., would like to dance a walk around, jig, or clog hornpipe for from one to three hundred dollars, with William McCracken, of Farr & Thomas's Minstrels, or with "any other man," if Mr. McCracken declines. Address as above.

THE BERDAN SHARPSHOOTERS.

Tuesday, Aug. 6th, was a grand exhibition day at the rendezvous of the Berdan Sharpshooters at Weehawken. The shooting ground is pleasantly situated in a rough, bushy, woody place, about one-fourth of a mile from the Forty second street ferry. There a rustic arbor of cedar boughs has been constructed, in the shade of which the riflemen stand and fire at the target 600 feet beyond. The arms used are the Springfield and the Swiss ordnance rifle. Col. Berdan at first contemplated the adoption of the celebrated patent target rifle, but it was found that there were not enough in the country to equip even one company. He then invented a grooved conical ball for the Springfield rifle, which will be given his men. This arm will throw a ball 3,000 feet, or three-fifths of a mile, preserving the range accurate enough to enable the marksman to hit an object as large as a horse, or fire into a group of soldiers at that distance. The uniform will be gray in winter and green in summer, those colors assimilating with those of nature, and rendering the outlines of a man completely indistinguishable at a comparatively short distance. It will be loose fitting, so as to allow of the freest action of all the muscles.

THE FORMATION AND PRESENT STATUS OF THE CORPS.

The skirmishes and small battles in the South had shown that by far the greater number, in fact about 299 in 300, of balls fired by either party, failed to reach the mark, and the thought was instantly suggested that a regiment of good marksmen would be of incalculable worth, especially in the guerilla mode of warfare which the rebels had adopted. The records of shooting matches were overhauled, and it was found that so far as known, Mr. Berdan was the best shot in America. Almost simultaneously the loyal North began to call upon him to apply his skill to the advantage of his country, and he left the rural enjoyments of his western home responsive to the call. Conferring with others, steps were immediately taken to forward the project of raising a regiment of superior marksmen. Mr. W. S. Row and visited the Governors of each of the fifteen loyal States and obtained their promise to raise one company each, and equip it thoroughly, furnishing $10,000 each for the purpose. From this State, however, a whole regiment will be raised. Frank P. Blair, Jr., became responsible for a Missouri company, and a loyal Kentuckian followed the example in his own State. This regiment is the only one in which skill in marksmanship is made the condition of joining, and the test is severe. Each man before he joins the company, in his State, must fire ten consecutive shots at a target six hundred feet distant, and the shots must average less than five inches each from their center to that of the bull's eye, or less than fifty inches for the whole ten, and no man is allowed a second trial. About ten of these companies are already prepared for the field, and are expected at Weehawken at an early date, where they will again be tested, and those who fail will be refused. Some 1 800 men have joined, and it is now proposed to raise a brigade of three regiments.

THE CORPS AT WEEHAWKEN.

At this rendezvous there are sixty-four men already accepted, nearly all from this city, and many of whom far exceeded even the required proficiency. The targets of successful candidates are on exhibition, and exhibit an almost marvellous accuracy of aim and calculation, for a great deal of nicety and exactness of the latter are required. The amount of powder used in the loading, the power used to drive the wad in upon it, and the strength and the direction of the wind are all to be considered. At the distance of 600 feet a strong wind will vary the ball in its flight from 12 to 18 inches. Light streamers are accordingly placed in various parts of the field to show the force of the wind. The Germans have a way of calculating for this obstacle different from our own. If, for instance, a strong wind blows past the target, from right to left, a German will aim at a spot sufficiently to the right of that which he wishes to strike, so that the action of the wind will deflect the ball to the mark. An American changes the sight of the rifle a little to the left of the center of the barrel, and thus "draws the bead" direct upon the center of the target, while the muzzle in reality points to the right of it. In either of these processes the greatest accuracy of judgment is required, and this can only be gained by long practice. As few persons gain this exactness except those who are ardent lovers of the sport, it is not surprising that the Berdan Sharpshooters are composed entirely of such. Stephen Martin, Captain of the American company, is a man of military education and experience, and one of the best riflemen in the country.

Capt. Schoenecker, of the German company was formerly hunting master and topographical engineer to the king of Bavaria, and since then, professor of mathematics in the Military Academy at Nashville, Tenn. He is surpassed by few men in America in skill in the use of the rifle.

The Swiss company is commanded by Casper Trepp a gentleman of experience. Of the Swiss riflemen who applied for admission to the regiment, nearly two-thirds displayed the required accuracy, and were accepted. This is accounted for, from the fact that the Swiss government takes legislative measures to ennoble and encourage the sport of rifle shooting, and also keeps an army of crack riflemen continually on the field. Improvements are made each year, and the Swiss ordnance rifle is perhaps at once the most beautiful and effective firearm of its kind in the world.

THE SHOOTING.

During the day, the men were, as usual, continually practicing upon the target, but in the afternoon a novel feature was introduced. The figure of a man, life size, was painted upon a strip of pasteboard and nailed against an upright plank, at the usual distance. To this was given the cognomen of "Jeff Davis," and for a long time it occupied the attention of the riflemen, each shot passing through. A man standing a little distance from it approached it after each shot, and pointed out with a white piece of paper upon the end of a stick the place where each ball had struck, and plugged up the hole with cotton so that if another struck in the same place it could be ascertained. Some hundred or so of shots were fired, and the black effigy began gradually to grow white with cotton, or appearing, as one of the riflemen sagely remarked, as if in the last stages of small-pox. Only one shot known to have been fired by any of the men missed the figure and that struck the target just outside the lines. By and by Col Berdan appeared on the ground and the sport commenced in earnest. He opened it himself by firing ten shots at the head of the target, and each one went straight to the mark. In an easy, business-like way, he loaded his rifle, an ordinary target piece, with a telescopic sight, and approached the "rest." The visitors crowded around him in every direction, excepting, of course, that occupied by the muzzle of the rifle. A sense of personal danger preserved an opening there. The wind blew quite heavily. It will be conceded that these circumstances were not particularly conducive to careful and unerring aim. But Col. Berdan is a man of wonderful nerve. The crowd did not at all disturb him. He proceeded in the work with the utmost steadiness. Balancing his rifle for a moment, he fired at the head of the figure. When the smoke cleared away, the hole made by the bullet was observed by the aid of the telescope—the cheek, near the nose. Again the Colonel loaded and quickly fired at the head, hitting it just over the frontispiece of the cap which was painted upon it. The third shot was fired. "Put his eye out," remarked the Colonel. The ball had struck near enough to that organ to destroy its use had it been a real one. The fourth shot hit the face. "I'll try nature's rest," said the Colonel, and he proceeded to a knoll near by, and throwing himself at his side, accommodated his person to its shape and took aim, but the percussion cap only exploded. "Davis is safe this time," he remarked. "We'll try him again." Another cap was provided, and the image was struck just below the front piece of the cap. The aim was quite as accurate as that he had previously obtained. The sixth shot hit about two inches lower than the fifth. The seventh hit the top of the head. Loading again, the Colonel made ready to fire. "Where will you have this shot?" he inquired of one standing by. "In the end of the nose," was the answer. "Between the eyes," suggested another. At this moment the rifle was discharged. "You spoke too late," quietly remarked the Colonel, "he has another nostril. A gentleman was called to witness the effect of the shot. It was as the Colonel had said. The nose had an additional aperture. "Where shall I put the next shot?" the Colonel inquired of the gentleman at whose request he had spoiled the nose of the image. "Try his right eye," was the answer. No sooner said than it was done. The ball entered the lower part of the eye. The effect of this shot was carefully noted by several persons through the glass. "Will you tell me where to hit him again?" once more asked the Colonel of the person who had called the last two shots. That individual declined. He was satisfied that the Colonel could hit anything, and it was not worth while to fire at the image, whose face was riddled. "We will hit him once more, and now in the center of the forehead." This shot, the tenth, was the finest of the whole. It took effect midway between the front piece of the cap and the root of the nose, and directly over that organ. The distances were almost mathematically accurate. Colonel Berdan said he would go on if any one desired him to do so. But it was universally agreed that he had fired enough, that he had even improved upon his great reputation, and to proceed further would be simply to waste time.

Colonel Berdan, his friends and others present, then proceeded to the field and gave the target a particular examination. It had been previously fired at, but the holes made had been filled up, so that the effects of the recent shots were evident. The accuracy of this firing was never excelled. Colonel Berdan, with his characteristic modesty, however, said little about it, but arranged for the trial of his men. Forty-eight shots were fired at the target by the members of his company—all but four of which would be classed "mortal." They were within a few inches of each other, and generally struck the region of the head or limbs. During the progress of this work the Colonel exhibited the greatest pleasure. Said he, on one occasion, "these are picked men. I cannot tell how many kegs of powder we have wasted in getting them. They are artists. If you wished to get up a concert, would you engage nod carriers to make your music? This war with the rebels is simply a grand concert, and we are going to teach Davis, Beauregard and Company to appreciate Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle." At six o'clock the fire was ended.

A brigade is to be formed of three regiments, and the companies will continue assembling at Weehawken until it is complete. Of course their movements in the field will be widely different from ordinary regiments. A company will consist of one hundred men, divided in four detachments of twenty five men each. They will advance before the body of the army and scour the ground as skirmishers, covering themselves behind trees and rocks, or any other natural available shelter, and picking off an enemy at each fire. All orders are to be transmitted by the bugles. Sergeant-Major, J. S. Brown, has charge of the corps at present, and will take measures to have everything perfected for their complete understanding of signals and orders by sound in various ways.

At the close of the war the present immediate business of the brigade will of course have been performed, but its organization will not entirely cease. It will continue as an art association, and each year will hold a festival, and have a trial of skill among all the members. The advantages of such a procedure are obvious. Had the riflemen of the North previously formed a similar organization, we should not now, in times of urgency, be troubled with the always tedious preliminaries and delays.

THE RING.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 43-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 43-tf

THE EAGLE.—ISEY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 223 Centre street, one door from Grand. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. 35-tf

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No. 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-tf

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gillam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-5te

JACK BATH.—THE BEEHIVE, 213 Elizabeth street, near Prince, returns his sincere thanks to his friends and patrons, for their kind assistance since taking the above premises, and begs to inform them that the old B is always to be caught at home endeavoring to lay up a winter stock for the inmates of the new hive. Finest of Ales, Wines, Liquors and Segars, always on hand, with all the sporting items of the day to be learned at the bar. N. B.—Gentlemen can be accommodated with private lessons in the noble art of self-defence, at their own residences, on reasonable terms, given by Jack himself. 9 4t

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 25 West Houston street, Robert Smith, Proprietor.—First class Free and Easies every Saturday and Monday evening. The opening of a large room eminently suited therefor, takes place with due ceremony on the 17th inst., Edward Burdett in the chair; Vice Chair, Prof. Watts; Pianist, Harry Gimber. [8 1t*

Prize Fight at St. Louis between Amateur Contestants.

SEVENTY-SIX ROUNDS

IN ONE HOUR AND THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES.

The Fancy of St. Louis beat the sun out of bed on the morning of the 4th inst., for before the day had fairly broke, all were astir at the Clipper Saloon, on Fifth street; vehicles of every description were at hand, including furniture cars, lumber wagons, and go-carts; some of the more aristocratic took seats in carriages and buggies. Nobody was disappointed in the preparations for a grand time. No morning star made his appearance, and the arrangements were soon perfected for a drive, to witness a fight between the Cleveland Pet and Jim Reynolds. Long before the hour of six, many had left for what it was understood would be the scene of battle. At the hour, however, while the bell in a neighboring church steeple was tolling out the count, the main cortege began to move for the fighting ground.

At about half past seven, the whole retinue arrived at a beautiful grove a short distance from the Fair Ground. There hundreds of people were found anxiously waiting for the principals and their seconds to arrive. These gentlemen, upon appearing on the ground, did not approve of the locality at first selected by the crowd, and in consequence moved their men into a grove of more extended proportions but a short distance from the one originally taken. When the audience had fairly assembled, and while some enterprising individual was rapidly dealing out whiskey and beer from a covered wagon, those whose business it was to arrange the preliminaries, commenced doing so by selecting a shady spot. This was but the work of a moment, for the tall trees in every direction afforded protection from the sun, and the ground for acres was level and in every respect unobjectionable. At eight o'clock precisely the ring was formed, and the principals, accompanied by their seconds, made their appearance, and were greeted with cheers from the crowd.

THE MEN.

The fight was for $25 a side, and the men presented about the following appearance:—Reynolds was a sleek, light haired, tidy looking sort of a fellow, with good shoulders and fair muscle; stood about five feet seven, and weighed about one hundred and thirty-three pounds. The Cleveland Pet was a dark-haired, tawny looking chap, about the same height and weight of his opponent, and when he peeled to the buff, his appearance was that of a man in good condition, at least as far as health was concerned. To sum it all up, both appeared gamey.

THE FIGHT.

The referee being agreed upon, the principals and their respective seconds stepped forward and shook hands.

Round 1. Both men actively at work. The Pet received a heavy body blow, but got in one on Reynolds' nob; a clinch, and the Pet down. Cries of first blood for the Pet.

2 Short and sweet. The Pet got one on the proboscis, which turned the tap and let the claret flow freely. Pet thrown.

3 Fine sparring, during which the Pet got a body blow, and went to grass.

4 Men a little more cautious. After feeling for each other, the men commenced business, and the Pet got in a stunner just over Reynold's left optic. Both men fell together.

5 Give and take; Pet down.

6 The same as before, except that Reynolds took his turn at kissing the ground.

7. Some hard work, the Pet driving Reynolds around the ring, and firing in upon his frontispiece rapidly. Reynolds could not stand it, and with a slight blow went down.

8 Reynolds gave the Pet several awful welts in the grub basket, which sent that individual to the ground. Cheers for Reynolds.

9 A little skirmishing and the Pet down again.

10. Once more the Pet had his apple cart upset, Reynolds falling heavily upon him. Cries of foul, which was not sustained by the referee.

11. Nothing but a throw, the Pet under.

12 Both wide awake. Some good countering, which played the mischief with Reynolds' phrenology box, opening the tap again and letting on the claret. Some heavy hits were well put in by Reynolds, when the men closed and went to grass. Reynolds uppermost.

13 Both parties a little out of wind, the Pet particularly so. Some shying, when Reynolds got in a perfect stinger on the Pet's top-knot, and that young aspirant for pugilistic honors went down.

14. Short and sweet. Both down, and "nobody hurt."

15. Time being called, both came rather tardily to the scratch, and taking ample time for deliberation. The Pet led off and chased Reynolds all around the ring. The men closed and Pet was thrown as usual.

16 Very hard fighting, during which Reynolds got one on the tater trap.

17. A little skirmishing. The Pet down, and cries of "foul" by Reynolds' friends. Upon examination it was found that one of his fingers was badly bitten; but the referee said he intended to give the fight to the best man, and that the mill must go on.

18 and 19. Nothing done worth presenting. Pet down.

20. A short but well fought round. Reynolds' optics began to look a little shady, when the Pet put in a left-hander to help 'em along. Both men fell together.

21. Some boxing, but nothing effective. Pet down.

22. This round was terminated by Reynolds' being squarely knocked down.

23. Some hard blows, during which the Pet tried to knock Reynolds' snout off, but only succeeded in turning it around.

24 The men came up to the scratch a little groggy. Reynolds led off and got in a few pretty fair body blows. The pet down.

25 Short round. No fighting of any consequence. Reynolds down.

26 Reynolds showed considerable evidence of the Pet's handiwork, and the Pet's friends grew enthusiastic. This round showed pretty clearly that the Pet was saving his strength, and that Reynolds was fighting too fast. Termination, the Pet rolling on the grass as usual.

27, 28 and 29. The same old story; the Pet down.

30 Both parties seemed to freshen up, and there was some pretty hard hitting. The Pet stumbled and fell, when there were loud cries of foul on the part of Reynolds' friends. The referee said the fight must go on.

31. The Pet with one or two well directed blows sent the ruby gushing out of Reynolds' nasal organ. The men clinched and went to grass together.

32 A feeler on the part of the Pet. Pretty soon Reynolds put in a lick which took the Pet on the wind-pipe.

33. Both quick to time. Vigorous striking out. The Pet got in one or two on Reynolds' grinders, and that gentleman was not slow in returning the compliment. The round ended by the Pet getting Reynolds in chancery, and warming him till he fell.

34 Reynolds' optics began to show signs of closing, although the right side of his mug was pretty clear from punishment. He was game, however, and after weighing out two or three for the Pet, sent him to grass.

35 Hard hitting; some pretty hits from Reynolds, which took effect on the Pet's ribs. The Pet went down on his knees.

36 Reynolds evidently meaning business, kept his eye on the Pet until a chance was offered, when he put in a stinger under the Pet's grinders and sent him to grass.

37 and 38. The old joke—Pet down.

39. Some sparring, when the Pet got home with his right on Reynolds' top knot, and cut a small gash. Reynolds down.

40 The Pet seemed to freshen up. Reynolds began to show signs of weakness. The Pet put in several awful ones on his sneezer, when they closed and fell side by side.

41 Both fighting cautiously. Pet got the chance and slipped down.

42 The Pet came up smilingly to the scratch, and received a lifter from Reynolds, which sent him back to his corner to await the call of time.

43 and 44. A little fancy sparring, during which the Pet slipped down.

45 The Pet got one in under Reynolds' right optic, when they closed, Reynolds falling heavily on the Pet.

46, 47 and 48. Both tried to do something, but didn't. A close and a fall together.

49 Shooting out on both sides. The Pet, getting the worst of it, went down.

50. Reynolds evidently a little distressed. Cries of "take him out," "he's dead," &c. Reynolds brightened up at the taunts, and got in one on the Pet's snout, which made him shout peccavi.

51. Nothing done worth mentioning.

52 The Pet made a sharp rally. Reynolds down.

53. After a little wrestling the Pet slipped down.

54. The Pet got in a terrible blow, which nearly knocked Reynolds' chatterers out. Reynolds down.

55. Hard hitting, but without a result, both men went to their corners.

56. At this point the seconds got a little excited, and followed their men up, directing them what to do. Nothing effective.

57 A fair throw for Pet.

58 Some skirmishing, and Reynolds down.

59. Pet comes up to the scratch smilingly, takes a hit on the grinders, and is picked up from the grass.

60. Reynolds shows severe punishment, but comes manfully up to the scratch, and weighs out a couple for the Pet, who, without much excuse, goes down.

61 and 62. After a little sparring the parties close and go down side by side.

63. Although the Pet looked the cleanest, it was evident there was lots of fight left in Reynolds. Give and take, and Pet down.

64. Wild striking and nothing done of consequence. The Pet down as usual.

65 and 66. Both men apparently distressed, and lacking wind. A rally and a close. The Pet thrown.

67, 68 and 69. Nothing effective; Reynolds down again.

70 Reynolds was evidently a little groggy, and his damaged mug bore strong evidence of the hard punishment he had received. A weak display and both down.

71. The crowd began to get excited and close in upon the combatants. This round, however, was well fought, Reynolds getting the best of it, and the Pet going to grass.

72. The same thing, with but few variations.

73 The Pet got it right and left, when the crowd closed in and time was called before the men had fairly reached their corners.

74. Hard hitting, but without any definite result. The Pet slipped down.

75. The crowd grew more excited, and it was with difficulty that the fight proceeded. The round was pretty well fought, however, and it terminated by a square knock down for the Pet.

76 and last. At this round, which terminated the fight, great confusion prevailed. When the men came to the scratch, which they did promptly, considering the circumstances, it was with some difficulty that they could do any square fighting. The round, which was a short one, ended in the Pet being thrown, after which, and while he was down, it is alleged Reynolds struck him twice. At any rate, foul was claimed by the Pet's friends, and awarded to them by the referee. The battle was therefore won by the Cleveland Pet. Time, one hour and thirty-five minutes. Thus terminated one of the best-fought battles which has taken place in that city for several years. At the conclusion of the fight, a disgraceful row occurred, during which the referee was knocked down by some one of Reynolds' friends.

The names of the prominent parties officiating were as follows:—Brennan, referee; Alex Watson, time-keeper; Young Bendigo and Hugh Monegan, seconds for Reynolds; Jack Looby and Jack Taylor, seconds for the Cleveland Pet.

REMARKS.

Considering the men were novices, a better fight has seldom, if ever, been seen in or near St. Louis, at least, such is the verdict there given. A pugilistic critic present, says:—"We do not remember having witnessed a fight among amateurs, where so much pluck was displayed, and we are sorry that the battle was terminated in the manner it was, for if men are bound to fight, it is agreeable to know who the best man is, and this can never be determined by a foul blow."

SLASHING FIGHT

BETWEEN JOHNNY ROCHE AND JIM TWISTRAM!

ROCHE THE WINNER!

Early on Friday morning, August 9th, an impromptu match was made between the popular New York boxer, Johnny Roche, and a stout, well-made fourth-warder, named Jim Twistram, to fight for a small amount, but in reality to settle a grudge. Without hardly any preparation, and with no knowledge imparted, except to a select few, the men started before cock-crow for a quiet place on the Jersey Beach, there to present one of the best battles that have come off for many a day. They were well seconded by four popular professors of the art, and after a desperate conflict lasting 61 minutes, in which 36 rounds were hotly contested, Twistram was knocked speechless by a right-hander on the jaw, from Roche. Johnny had the best of the throwing and gave Jim some ugly back-heel falls, one of which started the blood from Twistram like turning on a hydrant; the big 'un, however, was not to be sneezed at in cross-buttocks, inside and outside crooks, but knew nothing of back-heels, and there's where Johnny had him. Jim is a wire-worker by trade, and his particular branch brings into play his legs and arms like the pulleys in a gymnasium, and hence his condition was splendid, the muscles standing out like potatoes in a bag. His height was 5 ft 9 in, and he weighed 175 lbs, all good stuff, while Johnny is only 5 ft 6 in, and scarcely over 130 lbs. Probably no gamer fellow ever stripped, for Roche's fist was hardly ever out of Twistram's face, and at the close he presented a horrid spectacle; both eyes were cut over and under, his nose broken, and in the region of the heart an awful swelling was observed, from Roche's handiwork; in the floral round Johnny asked to have him taken away, but nothing short of insensibility would ever make the gallant fellow acknowledge defeat. While giving all possible credit to Twistram for his manliness and courage, we are decidedly opposed to the cause he espoused. It appears there are five brothers of 'em, and this is the third Roche has had to fight, beating them all so far; but whether the other two will insist on a similar dose is a question of time. It is likely all the relatives on the male side will also be anxious to try conclusions, but we should advise Roche to make no more matches unless for a good stake. Johnny is comparatively unhurt, with the exception of his eyes being slightly discolored, and is tending to biz at his hotel as usual. The Fancy were greatly disappointed in not learning of it till all was over, but they will be glad to see the only account of it in the CLIPPER.

THE RING IN DENVER CITY.—A correspondent writing from thence, under date of July 20, says:—"There is, or has been a great deal of chaff going on as to who should be the champion of Colorado Territory. The war of words between the sports waxed warm, and the dust was jingled and freely shown by the partizans of Charlie Switz, of Central City, Con Orem, of Denver, and Enoch Davis, (Rough Enoch,) lately arrived from the States, who are the claimants for the honor above named. A match would certainly have been made between Switz and Davis, but Charlie Switz who has been here long enough to line his buckskin bag with 'sum dust,' would not fight for a purse of less than two thousand dollars which was too much for Enoch. The upshot was, that Switz and Davis became friends, travelled in the mountains, and made a pile. Switz was acknowledged to be the 'Champion of Colorado,' without a fight; and Enoch was matched to fight Orem for a purse of one thousand dollars; the fight to come off on the 6th of August. The first deposit of fifty dollars was made on July 11th, at the Colorado Faro Bank Rooms, on Blake street, Denver City. They both went into training immediately; Con Orem at Central City, and Rough Enoch two miles from Denver. Enoch since his training has been very ill, and he lately submitted to a surgical operation which tested his pluck in a severe manner. An immense fungous tumor had formed in his mouth, under his tongue, which crowded his tongue backward towards his throat, threatening strangulation. Its growth was alarmingly rapid, and it was evident that extirpation was necessary to save life. Davis, when advised of his critical condition, at once prepared for the operation. Sitting upright, he clenched the sides of his chair with his hands, opened his mouth, and in two minutes the ugly tumor was out. The operation was a dangerous one, in that it involved an incision in close proximity with arteries, which if divided could not be secured again. It was entirely successful, however, and was performed by Dr. W. H. Farner, of this city."

REPLY TO JOHN MORRIS.—Frank Carey, in reply to John Morris' challenge, states that he does not acknowledge defeat, furthermore, that he cannot raise $300 and that Morris knows it, but if a go for $50 will suit, he is on hand, at any time or place within two or three weeks.

CHALLENGE TO GALLAGHER, OF MONTREAL.—Dan Leslie, of Cleveland, will fight Alex Gallagher, of Montreal, for from $50 to $100, catch weight, in a twenty-four foot ring. If Mr. Gallagher means business, let him accept of this through the CLIPPER. Man and money ready. DAN LESLIE.

SPARRING.

JOINT BENEFIT TO BILLY DONNELLY AND JOHNNY MURPHY.—Without scarcely posting a bill, and simply by the notice that appeared in our paper, a bigger crowd collected on Tuesday last, at 22 White street, than has appeared since last winter. There could be no worse time than the present to draw a quarter, and if the united efforts of all the star actors were put forth to get up a big show at the Academy of Music, we hardly believe half a house could be inveigled. People look at their silver many times ere they squander it now, and with many, a fifty-cent piece looks bigger to-day than a "double-eagle" did six months ago; this makes it bad for luxuries, but at the same time it is a check rein on the spendthrift habits we were all drifting to. Bar-rooms are deserted, and instead of planning for a night's fun, with a well lined pocket, folks are scratching their pates as to how the next month's rent is to be paid. The audience consisted entirely of up-town boys, and the Macdonald clan, or fish-merchants, were largely represented. Here was Love, Ike, and Old Baldy, who kept up a heavy fire at different quills in relation to their facial peculiarities. Garry Baldy should be the last one to criticise bananas, horns, and bugles. Australian Kelly was there, and so was Harry Lazarus, looking as fine as silk, and just in the prettiest enjoyment of health you ever saw. Every body likes Harry; the same of Mike Trainor, who was wounded in the Two Runs battle. Probably Mike may soon get a furlough, and if he should, the two shall have a benefit together, and all the disbanded volunteers will muster without fail. Izzy couldn't go it, unless a coach-and-four was sent up, because the heat and walking would leave a wet trail all the way from his place to the hall. We should have had a sure thing in that race if Chambers had only come out and done his part, the Sanguinary Slasher and Big Thing on Ice (as always keeps near the ice box) having made a *bona fide* match to run a mile that day. Harry Jennings was around, but he says that last rat-bait was a "gaul darned" expensive one. Sir William Clarke would have been down, but for a severe attack of rheumatic gout confining him to his bed the past week; he is getting around again, though, and things will look ship-shape once more up at "189." A lot of 69's fellows, and a few of the Second Fire

Zouaves were scattered here and there. The undaunted Bill, without the least regard for the 100 degrees atmosphere, was gay as ever, and gave some very amusing couples, liberty to punch till they got sick. About Murphy we will say more anon, but regret that the match was ever made, because they have been brought up together, travelled with each other, and were nothing else but chums till a week ago. It is to be hoped, after the fight, Drum and Murph will be hand-and-glove again, and better friends than ever—such is most always the case, and there is no reason why theirs should be an exception. In a condensed form we give the buffers who took a hand in just to keep their blood in circulation. Doyle and Holywood couldn't be called one-sided, even if Doyle did say so; the press boy kept slathering at D.'s right cheek all the while, and often landed three in rotation, but the other lad faced the music like a ram; it was th's Holywood whose fight we noticed last week. Madden and Mack didn't understand one another—consequently their meet looked bad, was clumsy, and had altogether too much hugging for two of one sex; Tom sometimes made a heavy onslaught; yet this was always countermanded by Jimmy Coburn and McCabe, though very fair, might have been better; Frank, since his country experience, hasn't improved at all, and he let Joe Coburn's brother best him; considering what he once knew, it was expected he would knock spots out of Coburn; Frank looks more of the fighter than ever he did. Cosgrove and J. Lazarus was something like it now—a whopping set-to and at Flora Temple speed; Johnny is too strong for Cos, otherwise they're a good match—the best of all. Hanley and Nolan, pretty fair, though nothing extra. Duffy and King, a little better, with Macduffie for choice. Two students aired themselves in the airiest way imaginable; it was all style; they had the look of amateur actors, and were out of water altogether; don't come again till you have learned your parts better. Mike Coffee and Carnochan found the crowd just in the humor from the last pair to appreciate their *debut*; a greater farce we never saw; the posish of Coffee itself was quite enough to raise the roof; but when he dodged or attempted to strike, the unterrified knew no bounds—they yelped, crowed, and bawled, jumped up from their seats, and tossed up hats like wildmen. When the short Frenchman offered, up went Coffee's hands and feet at the same time, introducing a new move, the double upper-cut; then an Irish hug for the fall occurred, which they both won. Mike napped three knock-downs on top of each other, and Jem Kelly got so excited as to leap about three feet in the air, shouting: "Nabocleish! it's all your own, old Coffee pot!" The charge of the 69th was small papers alongside this, for scarce enough linen was left on Mike to swear by. Finding the lads might lose their temper, and thinking they'd done quite enough for nothing, Kelly led the shirtless Patlander off in triumph to the bar, and promised him a job in the Custom House for his elegant science. Ed Quinn and young Kerrigan had a dab for old acquaintance; it was a pretty even thing. Red and White went in for regular slaughter, and next to the two Johnnie's, this was the liveliest; we regret not hearing their names, for they deserve being put on record. As all things must end, the wind-up between the beneficiaries, Donnelly and Murphy, was duly announced after the Dominie had said grace for them. Billy and Johnny had the honors equally divided, and made one of their usual clever and scientific sets to. They understand each other pretty well by this time, and in the fight we expect a similarity of style also. Lots of cheering and clever remarks were made, and after half a dozen well-contested rounds, all was over, and the old hall was cleared in "less than no time," which is quick work. The only drawback of the night was missing the spar between Waterford Jack and Squeegee Gardner, but probably Jack will give Terrible a chance at Drum's benefit; let us hope so at any rate. Murphy looked unusually haggard, but this week he makes for the country, with Billy as his mentor, and by the 27th we may look for great improvement in his wind and limbs. By strict attention to business, (although three weeks is a small time to train in,) we expect to see Murph as fine as a fiddle. In the meantime the fight will be discussed night and day up at Con Foley's, and if you fancy staking a little either way, there's sure to be somebody ready to see you and go five better. We intend betting on both, which shows us to be on the sure side. Make your bets, boys, make your bets.

Secession Dorg.—A monster bull-terrier was captured down in Secesh by a Zouave, presented by him to Harry Gribbin, where he holds levees every day and evening. The Siberian blood-hound Prince, dwindles down into insignificance alongside this ferocious animile. Ask Harry to show him up when you pass there, and he'll accomodate in a jiffy.

Off for Europe.—William Hastings sailed for London at 12 M., on Saturday last in the City of Baltimore for a journey of business and pleasure combined. Soldier Dave will tend to biz during his absence, which will be about six weeks. A pleasant voyage to you, William!

Went to Cincinnati.—Little Billy Clarke has been taken out there by a gentleman to have sole charge of a place. He is a fine little fellow, and has a chance to do well. We expect to hear a good account from Nobby in his new home. Now you see if we don't.

Boxing at Portland, Me.—A sparring exhibition was given there recently, by Johnny Morris, of Boston. After his wind-up with Prof. Leavitt, which was pronounced a good one, he pub licly challenged Leavitt to fight for $500 a side, at 130lbs., or any other man of that weight in America. A bold defi, Johnny, and one we think, that will soon be taken up.

Still They Come!—In addition to my former list, the following have come to hand:

William Hastings, Esq., No. 208 Centre street.

"The two Carkers," No 189 Laurers street.

The magnificent 4 by 4 photograph of Sir William and Little Billy (the former on one knee with handkerchief in hand as second and the latter in costume with his hands up,) is a gem, and an appropriate companion to Hen Wink e and Donnelly; it was taken by the same artist, and we regret not being able to let everybody see it. Many thanks, friends, for these peculiar favors. Ed. James.

Boxing in Canada.—Johnny Hickey and Dean Wilson gave two sparring exhibitions in Montreal, July 29th, and 30th, at which the following persons set-to:—Dean Wilson and Dan Leslie made a very clever set-to. Two Montrealers then went in on a ding dong style after which Yankee Jack and Dean Wilson made a very good show, Dean rather too cunning for Jack. Gallagher and Hickey were the next two that made their appearance, which lasted but a very short time, as Hickey parried him at every point. After several other sets-to, Leslie and Gallagher had a bout, which terminated by pulling their gloves off and they would have had a fight, but for Hickey telling them to put on the gloves again and fight it out which they did, and at it they went like two tigers and fought several rounds, Leslie having the best of it, as he threw his man. Then came the wind-up between Hickey and Wilson which gave great satisfaction to all present.

Gone Up.—The slender-waisted Izzy Lazarus has been missing from the Falstaff over a week, and all kinds of rumors have been flying over the town since—some feared he'd jumped overboard, and drifted seaward, for he couldn't sink; others said he had 'listed, to supply Harry and Johnny's place (Izzy would outweigh the two, and therefore a fair exchange.) You are all wrong, for he's only gone further up town, to a better clime: Izzy may now be found at 223 Centre street, near Grand, the house painted green, bearing the patriotic name, the "Eigle," in place of the Falstaff. It is the same place once occupied by Harry King and Jack Butler, but has since been repainted, upholstered, and decorated. The neighborhood is a good one, and when the ceremony of hanging out the big eagle takes place, we'll tell you more about it. In the meantime, when you think of "wetting your clay," don't forget Old Izzy and the Boys.

A Sparring Exhibition for the benefit of Mike Brady, takes place at Montgomery Hall, 76 Prince street, on Monday evening, 19th inst. Mike will wind up with Harry Lazarus.

THE TURF.

FLORA TEMPLE AND ETHAN ALLEN AGAIN.

THE LITTLE QUEEN OF THE TURF AGAIN DEFEATED.

We are called upon to chronicle another trial of speed between Flora Temple and Ethan Allen. This event occurred on Thursday, August 8th, over the Union Course, L. I. The match was made upon the same terms as that which eventuated on the Fashion Track, July 25th, and in which the famous little Queen fairly and squarely trotted the eyes out of Ethan Allen, and his companion. It will be remembered that in the contest referred to, Flora Temple made one of the grandest efforts of her life, doing from the word "go" a square mile without a skip or break, in 2:20½, the next best to her Kalamazoo time on record. Ethan Allen also accomplished the most tremendous speed that has ever been witnessed in him, making his first heat in 2:21¼, but becoming so completely bewildered at the flight of his famous little competitor in the second dash, that he broke, and galloped at random for full three quarters of a mile. The trot of last Thursday presented a striking contrast in every respect to that of July 25th. It was said in explanation of the small sum staked on this race, that Mr. Holcomb, who owns Ethan Athen, was dissatisfied with the result of the great trot of July, insisting that his horse became unmanageable in the hands of his driver, and that he was satisfied he could trot in 2:20; he wanted to show the public that Ethan could beat Flora according to the agreement made, and McMann being willing to give him another trial upon any terms, the contest of August 8th, was brought about. It was the biggest swindle and humbug that was ever perpetrated upon the American Turf, and the sporting fraternity. The protests we have hitherto entered against this "dead-beatism" seems to have made a very telling mark, and until these race horse speculators can get up good, square, honorable matches, they may as well stable their horses and plant cabbages in their fields. The meeting of last Thursday is a good proof of this necessity. Even the heavens frowned upon the fraud that was committed. The black and threatening appearance of the sky probably deterred a few from witnessing the match, but the main cause of the slim attendance was of much greater significance. All told there was not more than 800 or 1000 persons present. Compare this with their previous contests when there was from 3000 to 5000 people on the track, and it will be perceived that there's "something rotten in the State of Denmark."

We stated in our report of the race between those animals of July 25th, that there was a good deal of dispute as to the fairness of the judges' decision, owing to Sam McLaughlin entering a plea that his horses became ungovernable in the last heat. The judges, however, settled that question by sustaining their former decision, and so the growl ended, there at least. Since then the press has pronounced it a "hippodrome" trot, and a swindle, and Jim Bevins and the rollicking city father, Harry Genett, have punched the eyes out of each other about it. There never was finer trotting witnessed in this world than that exhibited by Ethan Allen and Flora Temple on the occasion referred to. The match was pronounced *bona fide*, and it really appeared so to us from its result. The people of the city of New York who take any interest in such matters at all, know full well that there is nothing in horse flesh on this continent that can out trot Flora Temple on a "square shake," and of course when a man is going to bet his money, he does it on what appears to him to be the safest side, and betting on Flora's races with John Morgan and her second with Ethan proved to be a safe investment. It is a burning shame to see the time honored little Queen brought to such base usage as that witnessed on Thursday last. It was plain to any one that she didn't pretend to do her best, and that the race was sold over to Ethan Allen. This seemed to be pretty well understood before the match came off, hence the meagre and miserable attendance. Horse fanciers have set Flora down as a real wonder, and they believe that, old as she is, she can trot a square mile in 2:19½, if she's put to it. Occasionally, in her last trot, she would remind one of old times, by making a tremendous rally and closing a gap, but then she'd fall back again, and apparently take it easy. Ethan Allen did not do very well, his best time being 2:22, three quarters of a second slower than his time with Flora on the Fashion Course. There was very little spirit or excitement prevailing, and the track presented the appearance of a foot race more than that of a grand trot. We have often warned those Race Course tricksters against such trickery as the last match, and we knew the public would give it, when attempted, the attention it deserved.

A few minutes after 4 o'clock P. M., the flyers made their appearance, Horace F. Jones conducting little Allen and big Socks, while McMann, of course, handled the ribbons for the little Queen. The noble little lady was in splendid condition. We never saw her look better, and she pranced and capered around with as much spirit and fire as she did in her young and girlish days. She appeared to us to be in better order for a severe trial than she has at any of her previous contests with Ethan Allen. The stallion also showed very handsomely, and his gigantic mate seemed anxious to run away with the whole concern, driver and all. Jones is a skillful pilot, and seemed to appreciate fully the burthen of the task entrusted to him. Previous to the start, of course, the horse had the call in betting at about 100 to 80. The judges having "jerked the silver" for the pole, Flora won it, and they commenced the preliminary scoring for the start. Coming up very evenly, their "honors" gave the word, and they went off beautifully together for the

First heat.—When about two hundred and fifty yards from the stand, Flora skipped, but instantly recovered, giving Ethan a slight lead, which he increased to a length or so. He kept his position until he passed the quarter pole in 36 seconds. From the quarter to the half was grandly contested, Flora closing the gap, and showing her friends one of her splendid rallies. The team, however, reached the half mile pole first, a half length in advance, in 1 minute 11¾ seconds. Ethan will break in spite of any man alive, and he showed this after leaving the half mile pole by galloping wildly, when Flora gathered herself and sped like a rifle shot past the team. Jones got Allen down snugly to his work, and he tried to regain his lost ground. As they swung into the home stretch, Flora was a little bit in the rear, but making one of these rallies for which she is famous at this point, she lapped the stallion, and worried the life in him to the score. She made a slight little skip about a hundred yards from home, giving him a slight advantage, and he crossed the score by a length or so, running the heat in 2:24¾. At the termination of this heat, the "peoples" generally seemed to have a jolly good time. There was nobody hurt, and loud laughs, "dead beat," and other expressions of disgust, were audible on every side. There were bets offered at $100 to $25, a few of which were taken very shyly. After the usual breathing spell was allowed, they were rung up for the

Second Heat.—After one false start the word "go" came from the judges' stand, and they started on their journey. The team pulled to the front, and challenged Flora. The little mare acted as if she was making fun of her contestants. Now she would go right to work, close a gap, and actually scare the horses, and then she would fall back and go at a fair, even gait. One time the team was two lengths ahead, and then in a few seconds the mare had her head at their hips. They continued in this style until they reached the quarter pole in 36½ seconds. On they went in the same relative positions until they reached the half mile pole in 1 min 12¼ sec. From that point to the home stretch they occupied the same distance with each other. Now they swing in. Voices in the crowd cry out "now, Flora, old gal, give us one of your rallies." "Knock the kidney out of him." "You used to be sound there!" "Let her go, McMann," and other gesticulations of this character; but Flora paid no heed to their cravings. She kept up a characteristic and creditable pace, allowing the team to cross the score in advance of her by about a length, winning the heat in 2 minutes 22 seconds. In this heat Ethan Allen trotted very nicely, going his mile without a break, and considering that Flora in the last quarter hugged him closely, he kept his presence of mind, and did excellent work for the honors of the heat. This quarter was said to have been trotted in 33 seconds. Whatever interest was previously manifested in the trot seemed to disappear at this point of the proceedings, and the "peoples" preferred investing in faro or three card monte to betting on the contest. After half an hour's intermission for refreshments, etc., was allowed, the "animals" were called out, and without much trouble were started for the final struggle. A good lead off began the

Third Heat.—It will be sufficient to concentrate an account of this heat, inasmuch as it was not very closely contested. Flora's conduct was exactly the same as in the second heat, trotting squarely and beautifully, but not making those astounding brushes which we have heretofore recorded, and which are unparalleled in the history of the Turf. Ethan Allen however, seemed to have it all to himself, and did his "darndest." At the quarter pole he was one length ahead in 36¾ seconds. When he reached the half mile, Flora tired him, and reduced the distance to half a length. Time, 1 min. 12 sec. Into the home stretch they swung, Ethan barely a length in advance. Now Flora is going it. Her courage gets the best of her discretion, and at this point she takes her own way, and will beat anything called horse in the world. Here they come, McMann taking up Flora's feeling and pride in the affair for the first time, but Jones has All'n magnificently reined, and Socks pulls him over the score, a winner of the heat and race in 2 min. 22¼ sec. The last quarter was done in 34 seconds. This heat was very evenly trotted, as neither Flora nor Ethan broke during its continuance, but kept attentively and steadily at their work from the word "go" to "halt." The following is a summary of the race:—

Union Course, L. I., Thursday, Aug. 8.—Match for $200. Trotting, mile heats, best 3 in 5. Horace F. Jones names Ethan Allen and running mate Socks, to wagon. James D. McMann names Flora Temple, to harness.

Ethan Allen and Socks	1 1 1
Flora Temple	2 2 2

Time—2:24¾; 2:22; 2:22¼.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

July 29.—Bill Benjamin and Dick James—£100 a side, catch weight. London.
30.—John Rooke and Job Cobley—£50 a side, at 10st. Home Circuit.
30.—Allen and Fisher—£10 a side, 9st 21lb., near Birmingham.
Aug. 13.—Quin and M'Cullay—£50 a side. Glasgow.
Sept. 3.—Shaw and Tyler—£100 a side, 8st 10lb. London.
10.—Curley and Godfrey—£25 a side. Hull.
24.—Goss and Brettle's Big 'un—£100 a side, Birmingham.
25.—Reeves and Hooker—£25 a side, London.
Oct. 22.—Young King and Young Broome—£50 a side, London.
Jan. 1862.—Mace and King—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Mace and Tom King.—Another deposit of £15 a side has been made for this match, at Nat Langham's, Cambrian, Castle street, when it was agreed that there should be nine more deposits of £15 a side, and a final deposit of £30 a side. The next, of £15 a side, is to be made in a fortnight's time in a house to be named by Mr. Richardson, and the remainder at houses to be named alternately until the last, which is to be tossed for. King, not satisfied with aiming at the Champion's Belt, has been matched against Young Broome, to fight for £50 a side, at catch weight, on the 22d of October, on the home circuit. They have already staked £5 a side.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

The following is an outline of the Articles of Agreement entered into this July 19th, 1861, between James Mace and Thomas King—The said James Mace agrees to fight the said Thomas King, a fair, stand-up fight, according to the new rules of the Ring, by which the said James Mace and Tom King mutually agree to be bound. The said fight to take place the last week in January, 1862, for the sum of £200 a side and the Champion's Belt, now held by Jem Mace. In pursuance of the agreement, £10 a side is now down in the hands of the final stakeholder, who is to name the referee. Further deposits of £15 a side are to be made each fortnight, until £170 a side have been staked, and the final deposit, of £30 a side to be made as may be hereafter arranged. That, in the event of magisterial interference, the umpires and referee shall decide the next place and time of meeting, if possible on the same day (or the duty may be assigned to the stakeholder). That the expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne mutually, share and share alike. The stakes not to be given up, unless by mutual consent, until fairly won or lost by a fight. In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto affix our names. This agreement was signed by Mr. W. Richardson, on behalf of Mace, and Young King for himself. Although there was a hitch in the proceedings about the time of the deposit supposed to be on Wednesday, July 24, there seems no doubt that the match is in fair progression.

Benjamin and James, £100 a side.—The whole of the money for the match between Bill Benjamin, who fought Sayers, and Dick James of Aberdare, has been made good, and they are to fight at catch weight on the home circuit during the week ending Aug 3. As neither of the men belong to the Association, the ring keeping will be under the superintendence of Billy Duncan, who will see not constables, and divide the proceeds among them. Both are represented as well up to the mark, and a good mill is expected.

Cobley and Rooke, £50 a side.—The match between Job Cobley (the Enthusiastic Potboy) and Jack Rooke of Birmingham also comes off during the same week as the above. Both men have for some time been in active training, and are well under their weight, 10st. Cobley, who has been long on the shelf, not having fought since his defeat by Brettle in August, 1857, is said to be quite in his old form, and although out of actual practice, has lost none of his theoretical knowledge. Rooke is well known to be an out-and-out game one and his friends have a high opinion of his merits. The result is looked forward to with extraordinary interest.

Young Dutch Sam, who lately fought Young Gollagher, took a benefit at the Royal Albert and Garrick Theatre, London, on Monday evening, July 29. The wind-up between Young Dutch Sam and Gollagher. Jem Ward was to take the chair.

Death of Nobby Clarke.—Nobby Clarke, ex pugilist, died at Liverpool July 16, after a most painful and protracted illness. He was buried on the following Sunday afternoon, at Smithdown lane Cemetery.

Young Ginger and Millard.—A good fight took place on Tuesday, July 23, between Young Ginger of Southampton and P. Millard of Bristol, for a purse, and was won by Millard in one hour and five minutes. The winner was seconded by Cunningham and Jemmy Williams of Bristol, while Ginger was attended by Bob Webb of London and a friend.

Light Weight Championship.—W. Shaw and Tom Tyler, for £200.—These light weights staked another deposit of £5 a side, on July 25. Young Shaw is in Dublin, with his trainer, Dick Lewis, and Tom Tyler is taking his exercise in a well-known and healthy locality, far east. As the day approaches, the affair assumes an appearance worthy of the Light weight Championship, and promises to be a treat to all the lovers of a scientific encounter.

UNDECIDED MILL

BETWEEN

Young Callis and J. Connor, For £20.

On Tuesday, July 23, according to articles, two lads, who hail from the extreme west of London, in the vicinity of Hammersmith, and are, in the true sense of the word, novices to the ring—viz Tom Callis and John Connor, met in the home circuit to contend, at catch weight, for £10 a side. Neither of the lads have before been chronicled to the public as winners, but Callis, who is twenty two years of age, stands 5 ft 6 in. in height, and weighs 7 st. 2 lb; has beaten Green, of Hammersmith, for £2 a side in 1857, and the same year beat Tollett. In 1859, he was matched again with Tollett, for £5 a side, but was bound over as well as his opponent, when the money was drawn. Beaten by Connor, of Paddington, 21st of August, 1860, £10 a side, Kingston. Jack Connor has never before appeared in the ring, but has defeated several rough customers in sundry turns-up off-hand; the most of them for money. He weighed on this occasion 8 st. 8 lb, and is in his twenty-first year, standing 5 feet 5½ inches in height. He was trained at Hounslow, by Bob Evans. An early hour in the morning was fixed for the departure, from a well-known point of starting, but as both the backers and the men were late at the station, they were forced to wait until they could move with safety. After a tedious delay, even then, on their arrival at the scene of action, the authorities were in full force. Another move having been made, and the ring pitched with great dispatch, Connor threw in his cap and entered the ring, attended by Mike Madden and Jem Dillon, as his seconds. His colors were a blue handkerchief, with a small white spot. Some little time was lost before Callis showed, but this was owing to the rough state of the river, a few being only able to cross at a time. When Callis did throw in his cap he was greeted with cheers, and was attended by Jem Hill and Flood Donovan, and had for his colors a blue bird's-eye. On tossing for corners, Madden won the toss for Connor. No time was lost in the men making their toilets. The referee having been chosen, and all other preliminaries arranged, the lads stood up at 12:30 A. M., for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As they stood opposite each other, Callis looked the taller man, but was thin, and that without any amount of muscle. Connor, on the contrary, although only having had a week's preparation, was in comparison, a Hercules in point of muscle and development of power. As they drew near for hostilities, it was evident that neither knew much of the noble art, as Connor's only determination appeared to be to give and take one, and trust to who was the stronger for the effects, while Callis, for a time, appeared amazed at the extreme determination expressed in Connor's frontispece; nevertheless, both were cautious for some time. Callis led off with the left short, when Connor, not to be denied, would be industrious, and got two little ones on Callis' left eye without a return, and following the same up with a rush, Callis tumbled out side the ropes.

2. Connor, as soon as he came up, and was faced by his opponent, tried, in his new fangled method, to force the fighting, but for his pains, "copped" a warm 'un from Callis, who at once went to grass as industriously as possible.

3. No sooner was time called, and Callis showed a disposition to leave his second's knee, than Connor jumped up to commence operations, and forced Callis to his corner, where wild exchanges took place, in which Callis landed a hot 'un from the right on Connor's temple, and sent him to grass.

4. Callis, as he came up, showed a mark on the neck from the right of Connor in the previous round. Connor had a bump on the forehead, but of no consequence. They both feinted, but Connor, who "would fight," forced counters, in which he got heavily on the left lamp, raising half a shutter. Callis wild, tried to deliver his left, but standing too wide, missed, for which he was knocked fairly down by Connor, "half a flake."

5. Both slow to time, but Connor, who would be busy, forced the fighting, got too close, and received on the cheek, and, rushing to a close, only got on a "little 'un," when Callis got down shifty.

6 to 19. These rounds require but little description, as Connor in every round, forced the fighting, and now and then severe exchanges took place, both drawing the ruby, but the execution was done in a scrambling manner. At the finish of the last round, Connor landed a warm right-hander under the jaw, opening a tap, and drawing the fluid in large quantities. Time, 20 min.

20 to 36 and last. In every round, Connor came up first, although both were repeatedly slow to time. Nevertheless, Connor by no chance lost his energy or determination, and endeavored by all his power to knock his adversary out of time; but, notwithstanding that Connor had, by his right handed deliveries, so disfigured Callis's mug on the left side that it was reported, with some truth, that Callis's jaw was broken, the latter came up gamely to receive, and, in most instances to fall from weakness. At length, the unwelcome cry arose of "Here they come!" And sure enough three *gentlemen* in blue put in an appearance, and at once put all doubt about the result being arrived at, in the ring that was then pitched, to an end. Time, 46 min 20 sec. Another move was made, and again an arena was formed on the opposite shore, some distance nearer the metropolis, but all was labor in vain, as the "Coppers" again showed ahead. It being no use crying for spilt milk, another move was made without any better result, the powers that are being for once "ubiquitous." Connor and his backers again met at the station named by the referee, and Hatton, on the part of Callis, came and stated that the latter had his jaw broken, and was in the hospital. Hatton offered to take £1 and allow Connor the money; this was agreed to, and so the matter ended.

REMARKS.

There is no doubt that had there been no official interference, that Connor must have won the battle, as he was the heavier and better trained man at the commencement, and there can be no doubt that he was by far the stronger man when the police showed ahead, and fairly had victory in his grasp. During the contest, many occurrences took place on both sides, which are eye sores to an old ring goer; but as both men are comparatively novices, the referee judiciously looked over the errors, and ordered the men to fight on, so that the better man should win without a quibble. Both men, although as game as possible, must not look forward to the ring as a means of advancement, but look forward to business to carry them through the world.

THE TURF.

Yorkshire Maid and Jessie.—These Liverpool nags trotted three miles on Bold Heath, on July 16, for £25 a side; Yorkshire Maid ridden by Richardson of Manchester, and Jessie by P. Paget, the latter being made slightly the favorite. Jessie held an advantage for upwards of a mile, when the Maid passed, and won very easily. Paget not persevering to the end. The owner of Jessie is not satisfied with his defeat, and a fresh match is likely to be made.

LATEST BETTING ON GOODWOOD RACES.

STEWARDS' CUP.

100 to 7 agst Cantab; taken.	25 to 1 agst Vergiss-mein-Nicht; taken.
100 to 7 agst Rester; taken.	
100 to 6 agst The Drone; taken.	25 to 1 agst Donner und Blitz; taken.
20 to 1 agst Crater; taken.	
20 to 1 agst Snapshot; taken.	25 to 1 agst Malmstone; taken.
20 to 1 agst Sweetsauce; taken.	30 to 1 agst Carbine; taken.
25 to 1 agst Narcissus; taken.	33 to 1 agst Nutbush; taken.
25 to 1 agst Gibraltar; taken.	

GOODWOOD STAKES.

7 to 2 agst echo; taken.	100 to 9 agst The Brownie; offered
9 to 2 agst Starke; taken.	100 to 8 agst Shipwreck; offered.
9 to 1 agst Schism; taken.	

GOODWOOD CUP.

4 to 1 agst Optimist; offered.	5 to 1 agst Thormanby; offered
4 to 1 agst Mon Etoile; offered	6 to 1 agst The Wizard; taken

ST LEGER.

1,000 to 20 against The Brownie; taken.

CRICKET.

Surrey vs. the North of England.—July 18 was the day appointed for this match, the North on this occasion comprising Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, and Cambridgeshire. Surrey shows great pluck in arranging to play such matches and their victory will be among the extraordinary events on record. Under the direction of the hon. sec., Street got the wickets into admirable order; therefore no complaint could be made on that account; but that Sewell should have been objected to as umpire, is not so creditable, as an honester or more impartial man does not exist. Willsher was the other umpire, and got through his duties well. Mr. Miller, having won the toss, took it upon his own responsibility to send his side in, starting with Cæsar and Lockyer, at twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, Jackson and Hodgson being the bowlers, and the field apparently placed anyhow to suit them—whether the bowler's fault, or who's, we do not know. When 20 runs had been telegraphed, Lockyer was bowled (played on) by the Yorkshire left-handed bowler, and Cæsar was afterwards caught by the long-stop; two for 37. The third (Caffyn) fell a victim to the fast bowler; three for 42. Mr. Barbidge was caught at mid-wicket, playing in his accustomed correct style for 18. The fifth (little busy Tom) went for 102, playing a quickly got 26 innings. The bowling was good, and of course the runs got at this period of the game would prove good batting. Mr. Dowson was nailed by that clever "point-sman," Carpenter, after playing a splendid innings of 28, and his, the sixth wicket, fell for 117. The seventh (Stephenson's) went for 119 and the eighth (Griffith's,) for 124; the ninth (Mr. Miller's) was caught at short leg, causing a total of 131. Mudie having got his leg before the wicket, the innings closed at three o'clock for 142. The betting was at starting, 5 and 6 to 4 on the North. In Hodgson's first over there were nine runs got, every ball being hit to the direction of cover point. Caffyn was got rid of by a "spanker" from Jackson. The North sent in Grundy and Daft; the first wicket fell for one run—Grundy getting his leg before his wicket, a plain case to every one who was in a position to see. Hayward and Daft then got together, and they could not be parted—at least, until 126 had been scored! The Surrey changes of bowling of course were frequent, but the County worked with undaunted pluck, notwithstanding that the bowling was being hit all over the field. Mudie and Sewell started, when Caffyn was tried, but he failed, and Mr. Miller took up the leather, and managed to keep the ball on the spot. Stephenson was afterwards brought on, and had again the misfortune to get a wicket with a no ball; he, however, gave Hayward a "stinger" some time after; it pitched wide of the off stump, and just grazed the leg—a ball that would have bowled any one. He played in his usual commanding style, and made a five and six fours, three threes, eight twos, and singles. Daft did not remain long afterwards, being bowled by the slows! He fell short of his late partner by two runs. His innings was rewarded, as usual, by the Surrey Club. We need not repeat that runs obtained by this player are well got; his innings comprised a five, three fours, five threes, seven twos, &c., and thus the third wicket fell for 139 and the fourth. Parr's (caught short leg), for 167; the fifth, Anderson's, for 193, and the sixth, Tarrant's, for 206. Carpenter still performing in a very masterly style—his defence strong. Mr. Miller, who had secured Anderson by so clever a catch in the long field, also was the cause of Carpenter turning his steps toward the Pavilion, where he was called and proceeded in the usual manner for a score of 50 or more. The play was delayed in the morning until a quarter to one, owing to rain. At twenty minutes to two o'clock, Cæsar and Griffith were sent to the wicket to the bowling of Jackson and Hodgson, and it will be seen that the County made their largest innings on record. They went to work with great determination, and as if they meant mischief. At all events it proved so, for 79 was scored ere a wicket could be got, that being obtained by the slows. On Saturday there was some brilliant hitting and scientific play—Caffyn at home, and with Griffith increased the score to 105, when Hayward, who went on and bowled remarkably straight, managed to disturb Griffith's wicket, he having made 59 by only one five on this occasion, three fours, three threes, five twos, &c. Mr. Barbidge, the third wicket, went for a total of 113, and the fourth (Mr. Dowson's) for 114, the fifth for 123 (Sewell's) the sixth (Harry Stephenson's) fell for a total of 133, only 25 on for six wickets! It looked, of course, any odds in favor of the North; 6 and 7 to 1 went begging. Mr. Miller then made his appearance, and stopped with Caffyn, and it might be pretty certain, not without scoring. He was eventually caught by the third man—playing one of his old lively innings of 39, made by a drive from Jackson for five, three fours, two threes, four twos, and singles. Caffyn, who broke two bats, afterwards followed; the score, however, increased from 189 to 301. The bowling was changed often, and having left off on Friday at 97, not out in the innings, he was caught at slip, unable to complete the three figures. He received a very handsome donation, not only from the club, but the public generally; his figures were a six (a splendid drive from Tarrant) a five (drive from Tinley,) seven fours, and singles, and we might safely add that he never played a better innings. Lockyer brought out his bat for a justly-rewarded innings of 69, composed of two fives (from Hayward,) four fours, two threes, seven twos, and singles. The *extraordinary innings of* 330 was made, which put the North in for 213 to win! Betting was now altered from 6 to 7 to 1 on the North to 2 to 1 on Surrey. The North, it will be seen, could not obtain the runs, and the contest was decided at twenty minutes past five o'clock, in favor of the County by 92 runs. The return match will be played at Broughton, Manchester. Score:—

SURREY.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Cæsar c Tarrant b Hodgson	21	b Tinley	39
Lockyer b Hodgson	8	not out	69
Burbidge c Daft b Hodgson	18	b Hayward	1
Caffyn b Jackson	2	c Grundy b Jackson	98
Dowson c Carpenter b Hodgson	29	c and b Jackson	1
Sewell c Carpenter b Hodgson	26	c Jackson b Hayward	7
Stephenson b Tinley	10	c and b Hayward	4
Miller c Hodgson b Tinley	7	c Jackson b Hodgson	39
Griffith c Tarrant b Hodgson	5	b Hayward	59
Mortlock not out	2	l b w b Hayward	2
Mudie l b w b Tinley	9	b Jackson	0
Leg byes	5	Byes 7, leg byes 4	11
Total	142	Total	330

NORTH.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Daft b Mudie	64	c and b Sewell	5
Grundy l b w b Sewell	1	c Mudie b Miller	37
Hayward b Stephenson	68	b Miller	4
Carpenter c Miller b Mudie	62	c Mudie b Sewell	23
Parr c Stephenson b Mudie	13	b Miller	1
Anderson c Miller b Mudie	19	b Sewell	3
Tarrant c Caffyn b Mudie	1	b Mudie	12
Jackson c Burbidge b Mudie	1	c Stephenson b Mudie	30
Hodgson b Tinley	10	b Sewell	5
Hodgson b Stevenson	3	not out	8
Tinley not out	2	c Mudie b Miller	9
Byes 3, leg byes 4, no ball 1	8	Leg byes	2
Total	250	Total	120

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

Surrey.—First innings: Jackson bowled 68 balls, 35 runs, 3 maidens, 1 wicket; Hodgson 152 balls, 56 runs, 16 maidens, 6 wickets; Grundy 24 balls, 21 runs, 1 maiden; Tinley 63 balls, 25 runs, 4 maidens, 3 wickets. Second innings: Jackson bowled 232 balls, 97 runs, 16 maidens, 3 wickets; Hodgson 144 balls, 47 runs, 15 maidens, 1 wicket; Tinley 80 balls, 58 runs, 6 maidens, 1 wicket; Hayward 201 balls, 85 runs, 18 maidens, 5 wickets; Tarrant 36 balls, 22 runs, 2 maidens.

North of England.—First innings: Mudie bowled 131 balls, 73 runs, 4 maidens, 6 wickets; Sewell 44 balls, 23 runs, 5 maidens, 1 wicket; Caffyn 12 balls, 16 runs; F. P. Miller 72 balls, 39 runs, 3 maidens; Griffith 32 balls, 22 runs, 2 maidens; Stephenson 132 balls, 64 runs, 9 maidens, 3 wickets. Second innings: Mudie bowled 53 balls, 40 runs, 2 wickets; Sewell 92 balls, 29 runs, 8 maidens, 4 wickets; F. P. Miller 148 balls, 49 runs, 11 maidens, 4 wickets.

BILLIARDS.

Great Billiard Match.—Another of those great and exciting billiard matches for which Saville House has become so famous since its occupation by that Prince of Caterers, Roberts, was played on Wednesday evening, July 24, in the presence of a goodly company of admirers of the game, who watched the exciting tourney, especially its latter half, with intense interest. At a few minutes after nine o'clock, the game commenced between Mr. Roberts and Mr. Richards (of the billiard room at the St. James Club). The last time they met to play, the former gave the latter 300 out of the 1,000 up, and beat him by 171 points; and in the present—which was the return match for £25 a side—he gave him the further odds of another 100 points, making it 400 out of the 1,000. The game went on most unusually slow at first, and for some time afterwards, there being nothing materially noticeable in it, excepting that the great player played—even according to his own admission—anything but well, and that Richards, although scoring slowly, made some as graceful and beautiful strokes as it is almost possible for the cue to effect. During this slow play, however, Roberts every now and then dashed in with one of those "telling" strokes, which usually denote his getting into play and which generally have the effect of making his opponent what is called in billiard phraseology "look down his cue"—a paraphrase, we apprehend, of the "looking down one's nose" in the bowls and rubbers we have to play in this odd old world of ours! Yes. We thought every now and then, after one or two telling strokes, Roberts was "all in to begin," but it was some time ere either he or his opponent did much to materially alter their positions on the marking board, in the shape of heavy breaks. There was thus nothing remarkable in the game yet, excepting what almost appeared like admirably executed efforts on the part of each to outvie the other in the brilliancy and difficulty of their strokes, rather than in making them tell up numerically. Thus it was that Roberts with his marvellous caroms, and his almost unfailing success in bringing the balls pretty nearly in the positions he would have them; and Richards, with his sharp and difficult "screws," and other fine strokes, ever and anon drew forth loud applause from the excellent judges of the game by whom they were surrounded. So far as we have described, perhaps there have been few more interesting games played. But to proceed. Even then the score stood—Roberts, 130; Richards, 101—the former saying he would bet £10 he won the game. The play again varied constantly, until it stood—Roberts, 306; Richards, 600. Play now very cautious, until the latter increased his score by 12, and the former, getting well in again, pushed his up to 385. Roberts, still confident, again offered to back himself for £10. Play was cautious again, till Roberts made another "spurt," including 14 of those "pottings" of the red from the spot for which he is so well known, and the game stood at—Roberts, 468; Richards, 679. The latter, it must be recorded, had pulled up his figures to this position by some very beautiful and much applauded strokes. It now began to be evident, however, that Roberts meant mischief; and whilst his opponent played grac

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

HEAVY DRAGOONS IN BATTLE.

It is to be hoped that the proper authorities at Washington, now that they are settling themselves vigorously to the conduct of the war, will avoid some if not all of the blunders which European powers have been shown to have committed in the use of heavy dragoons on the battle field. Our regular service, fortunately, has not many regiments of these, but the probabilities are that some regiments drafted from different States or organized for the special occasion may be offered, which, on examination, will be found objectionable, just on account of the unnecessary weight of men and horses—the result of unnecessary accoutrements.

We have been led to the subject by the perusal of an essay in which the inability of heavy dragoons on the field of battle in Europe, of recent years, elicited from a gentleman who, a soldier of long experience and active practice, is consequently an authority in the case. Referring to the cavalry troops of England, France, Russia, and other powers on the European continent, a portion of whose defensive armies are made up of heavily accoutred men and horses also heavy in body and trappings, the writer multiplies examples of their awkwardness in action and their non effect, even where popular opinion long credited them as all-powerful—in charges. Incidentally to all this, he shews quite conclusively, the service rendered by lighter regiments of cavalry, lancers among the rest, forming an exceedingly successful element in the true order of warfare as practised in these days. The Hungarians in their struggle against Austria, in 1849 '50, gave signal evidence of skillful generalship and soldierly execution, as described by this writer, who likewise instances the superiority, in many respects, of the the native troops of India over those from England, in the rebellion of 1858, simply because what horse regiments were included in the former were all light, whereas many of those that had been sent out, had the old fault of over weight.

As a branch of this main point, the authority from which we quote, reprehends the practice in dragoon regiments of wearing swords in metal scabbards, as those of leather, and even wood, have been found much better in preserving the edge and temper of the weapon they enclose. It is to be trusted that such particulars as these, with the clothing, dietary, and medicinal treatment of the soldiers who are to fight our battles will meet with the strict attention of those in whose hands the matter is vested. For a long time past, warfare, as a science, has received a multitude of improvements, which the public generally has hailed, as making the results of war more sure, and war itself more merciful than it could be while old errors were followed, and anything new was looked upon with an eye of doubt or jealousy. What we want now is the extreme of energy and good judgment in those who have to supervise the war now unfortunately raging in our midst. The patriotic response of the millions to the call of duty has been most marked and obvious, and it would be a pity, as well as a shame, were the duty of those who should reciprocate, in any way be slighted.

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.—By favor of W. J. Gladding, jr., of Frederick's gallery, 587 Broadway, we are put in possession of "counterfeit presentiments" of Edwin Forrest, tragedian; Tom Hyer and John C. Heenan, pugilistic champions; Dan Bryant, minstrel; and the gay little Flora Temple, done in the highest style of the photographic art. Copies of them may be procured, we presume, at the above named gallery.

LING'S RACE COURSE.—The present whereabouts of Dr. Ling, once proprietor of the above named course is sought for by S. L. Howard, of Flushing, L. I. A reply through the CLIPPER will reach him.

TROTTING AT NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.—One of the closest and most exciting races of the season was trotted over the Elm Vale (half mile) Park, North Andover, on the 3d inst., between Lady Macbeth of Andover, and John Kent of Bradford. During the whole race "victory seemed to perch on either banner," the horses coming to the stand at the half mile, in each heat, nearly neck and neck They made some splendid brushes and a "perfect blanket race."

ELM VALE PARK, North Andover, Aug 3. Trotting for Proprietor's Purse. $25; mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

Samil G Bean of Andover, named c m Lady Macbeth....1 1 2 1
Lambert Maynard, of Bradford named br g John Kent..2 2 1 2
Time, 2:50; 2:55, 2:50; 2:55

THE TURF AT ALLENTOWN, PA.—A little "go" for a purse of $50, half mile heats, best three in five, came off on the 3d inst., at Guthsville Course, Allentown, Pa., between the ponies 'Shoemaker Pony" and "Sorrel Pony," resulting in the triumph of the first named.

TROTTING AT LOWELL, MASS.—A trotting match for a purse of $50, took place on the Park Agricultural Grounds on the 1st inst., between R F. Teaton's Brown Harry, and W. Cameron's North Star, of Nashua. North star won in three straight heats, in 2:48; 2:48; 2:46.

A MULE WITH A COLT.—The San Jose, Cal., *Tribune* says: "A mule passed through that city recently, with a healthy foal by her side—the progeny of the mule." There are said to be few instances of this kind on record.

WRESTLING MATCH.—The wrestling match at Tracy's Pavilion, at Nevada, Cal., on the 4th and 5th of July, was attended by crowds of people. We learn that forty-eight wrestlers entered the ring on the first day, twenty four of whom were declared "standards" for the next day's trial. The prizes were awarded on Friday afternoon, as follows: First prize, $200, Joseph Williams; second prize, $120, James Taylor; third prize, $75, John Mitchell; fourth prize, $50, Charles Husband; fifth prize, $30, John Dows; sixth prize, $20, Peter Hooper.

The winner of the other prizes were all from Grass Valley, though many of the contestants were from other counties. Williams, the winner of the first prize, won the first at the wrestling match last year. One man came up from Amador county expressly to win the first prize, but was thrown by Chas Husband, the winner of the fourth Husband was believed to be the second best wrestler that entered the ring, but he was so exhausted after wrestling with the Amador man that he refused to contend for a higher prize.

A BULLY BOY.—In one of those quiet, genteel side streets which are to be found in the neighborhood of Broadway, resides an elderly gentleman, who, last week, expressed an undue amount of arrogance consequent on the patriotic demonstrations of several children (his neighbors' offspring), who had taken it into their heads to play at soldiers on the sidewalk Duly marshalled, there were a dozen regiments of these, each furnished with its banners, sham muskets, and drummer, and at intervals singing scraps of national melodies, buzzing and uttering patriotic exclamations. Old Crusty didn't seem to like this and after foaming and fretting a great deal, appealed to the youngsters' parents, and the police. But there was no interference from either; the marching and counter-marching, beating of drums, and general uproar continued till past sunset, when a very little specimen of "Young America," determined to have another shy at the grumbler in his parlor, exerted his lungs to the utmost, by shouting out, "The Union for ever!" What the response was from within doors we have not yet heard.

BIG THING ON WHISKY.—Whisky was something of a prize in old war times, as may be inferred from the following copy of a document before us:—

The Commissary will issue one quart of whisky to Mr. McCune he having made the best shot, and 1 pint to Mr. Roane, he having made the second best shot of Guard No. 2. WM TINDALE,
First Lieut., Officer of Guard No. 2.
Camp Meigs, Aug. 19th, 1813.

A PRIZE FOR WELCH SOLDIERS.—It is stated upon very good authority, that a letter is on its way to the United States, sent by the officers of the Aberdare Eisteddfod (a Congress of Bards and Literati,) to be held at Aberdare, South Wales, next fall, addressed "To His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln," offering *The Cambrian Gold Tongue of Valor* to the best behaved and bravest Welchman that belongs to the United States Army.

A HEAVY KICK.—It is said of the great "Union" gun, mounted at Fortress Monroe, that a single shot from it striking an iron clad frigate, would make her reel as if she had received the concentrated kick of 33,000 horses.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. H WATERBURY.—Accept our most cordial thanks for your pains, the result being put in shape to be of essential service to us hereafter. We will take an early opportunity to "spot 'em" with you when we return to N. Y. Can you not send us immediately (to South Danbury, N H) an original Prob. of your own? We would honor it at sight.

S. LOYD.—We should *now* be glad of your addition to "Miron's Tourney"

P RICHARDSON.—What's the price of mucilage? Could read that "clean through" A most welcome contribution; thank you heartily for it—all and singly.

"MORPHY CHESS ROOMS."—Will hear from us forthwith. Who won the Tournament?

DR. N. C. REID.—Criticisms received, will presume them sound.

ENIGMA No. 289.

From "Bell's Life in London."—(Fine!)

BY ANMELUNG.

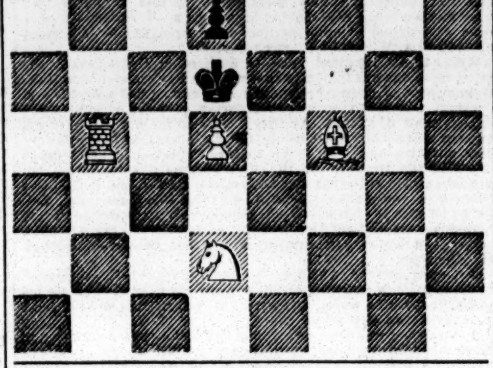
White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 289.

"Franklin's Kite."

BY J. H. WESCOTT, M. D.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

GAME NO. 289.

One of the thirteen games played simultaneously by Herr Kolisch at Norwich, Eng. The total result was:—Draws, 2; Antagonists, 3; Herr K, 8. In this game, as most of the others, he gave the odds of Q Kt.

THE FIANCHETTO. (*)

Attack, Herr Kolisch.	Defence, Mr Taylor.	Attack, Herr Kolisch.	Defence, Mr. Taylor.
1..P to K 4	P to Q Kt 3	15..Q to K Kt 3 (b)	K Kt × K P (c)
2..P-Q 4	Q B-Kt 2	16..Q P × Kt	Kt × K P
3..K B-Q 3	P-K 3	17..Kt-K R 5	Kt-K Kt 3
4..Q B-K 3	K Kt-B 3	18..K R-Q B sq	Q-home
5..P-K B 3	P-Q 4	19..P-K B 4	K B-Q 3 (d)
6..P-K 5	K Kt-Q 2	20..K-his B sq	K R-B 2
7..Kt-K R 3	P-Q B 4	21..P-Q Kt 4	Q-K 2
8..P-Q B 3	B P × P	22..Q B-Q 4	P-K 4
9..B P × P	K B-Kt 5 +	23..B P × P	P-K B 5
10..K-his 2	Q Kt-B 3	24..Q-K sq	Kt × K P
11..R-K B sq	Castles	25..Q B × Kt	K B × B
12..P-Q R 3	K B-K 2	26..Q R-his 2	Q-K Kt 4
13..Q-K sq	P-K B 4	27..Q R-K 2	P-K B 6, and
14..Kt-K B 4	Q-her B sq (a)		Herr K resigns.

(a) A good reply; the Attack cannot now take K P advantageously.
(b) Had he taken K P, the Defence would have *regained* K P with K Kt, and have had the better game.
(c) This looks over bold, but Mr. Taylor has evidently calculated the consequences.
(d) P to Q 5th, followed by B to K R 5th, would have hampered the Attack considerably.
(e) Very well conceived.—*Ill. Lond. News*
(*) We estimate this Defence higher than a majority of amateurs. With it M. Lequesne foiled Morphy.

A curious mate by our contributor JAS. A, *giving both his Rooks* to his brother JOS. A. LEONARD, at the "Morphy Chess Rooms."

IRREGULAR OPENING.

Jas. A L.	Jos A. L.	Jas. A. L.	Jos. A L.
1..P to Q 4	P to Q 3	6..P to K B 3	Q B to R 4
2..P-Q B 4	P-K 4	7..Q Kt-his 5	K Kt-K 5
3..P-K 3	P-Q B 4	8..Q-her R 4	K Kt-B 3
4..P-Q 5	K Kt-B 3	9..Kt × Q P + +	K-his 2
5..Q Kt-B 3	Q B-Kt 5	10..Kt-K B 5, checkmate.	

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U S. ☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUSIS, Buffalo, N. Y.—One of your communications appears this week. We shall be happy to hear from you at all times.

C. M. W., West Peterboro, N. H.—Thanks for favors. Will examine and report soon.

GAME No. 18.—VOL. IX.

DYAS

BY OUSIS, OF BUFFALO.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 17	14.. 9 to 18	26 to 23
2..15 19	24 15	15..18 27	31 15
3..10 19	23 16	16.. 6 10	15 6
4..12 19	25 22	17.. 1 10	28 24
5.. 8 11	30 25	18..16 20	24 19
6..11 15 (a)	27 23	19..20 24	25 22
7.. 4 8	23 16	20..24 27	22 17
8.. 8 12	32 27 (b)	21.. 5 9	17 13
9..12 19	27 23	22..10 14	13 6
10.. 3 8	23 16	23.. 2 9	19 15
11.. 8 12	22 18	24.. 9 13	15 10
12..12 19 (c)	18 11	25..27 31	10 6 (e)
13.. 7 16	17 14 (d)	Drawn.	

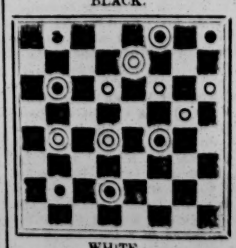
Notes—by Ousis.

(a) A good play, and one I do not find illustrated in the books.
(b) 22 to 18 draws.
(c) 15 to 22 draws.
(d) 15 to 22 draws. 31 to 27 loses
(e) A critical end game. Win with Black if you can.

POSITION No. 18.—VOL. IX. THE 37th POSITION OF STURGES.

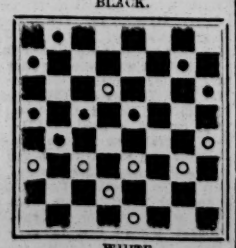
BY C. M. W.

BLACK.



WHITE
White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE
White to move and win.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 17.—VOL. IX.

BY MACK.

White.	Black.
1..27 to 24	29 to 27
2..28 32, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 36th POSITION.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1.. 4 8	19 23	4.. 6 10	28 32
2.. 8 11	24 28	5..16 20	32 28
3..11 16	23 27	Drawn.	

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
7.. 7	10	22	17
8.. 4	8		

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.		White.—W. S. K.	
5..12	16	25	22
6..10	15		

BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

Black.—O. T. S		White.—W. S. K.	
13..20	27	32	23
14.. 9	18		

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

WM. B. WOOD.

BORN at Montreal, May 26, 1779. At the age of 12 he entered the commercial office of John Jiatard. After an apprenticeship of six years in one of the principal commission establishments of New York, took a voyage to the West Indies; on his return, paid his first visit to Philadelphia. In 1798 he left New York with three doubloons in his pocket for Annapolis, Md., to attempt the stage His *debut* took place June 26 1798 at Annapolis as Geo. Barnwell; first appeared in Philadelphia in 1798, in "Secrets worth Knowing." Jan. 30 1804, married Miss Juliana Westray.

In the autumn of 1809, purchased from Warren one half his interest in the Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington Theatres, and entered on his duties as manager: previous to commencing his management, he paid a visit to New York, and made his *debut* at the Park Theatre as De Valmont. In the autumn of 1810, opened in Baltimore; commenced at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, in Sept., 1812. Continued at this establishment till the close of the season, 1820, when he visited Baltimore, and opened in April; and while doing a good business *there* the business done in Philadelphia was bad, for on the morning of April 4th, he was awakened with the news that his theatre in Philadelphia had been entirely destroyed by fire. The loss was very great, as they (Wood & Warren) owned everything in the theatre except the walls There was no insurance, the companies refused to insure any public place of amusement. That night he saw sink the toilsome earnings of twenty years On the 11th of Nov., 1820, he became lessee of the Walnut, and opened with the "Poor Gentleman." On the 2d of Dec., 1822, opened the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, with "The School for Scandal." In 1826, after having been with Mr. Warren for 16 years as co-manager, he sold out to that gentleman, and on the 1st of Oct., 1828, opened the New Arch street theatre, Philadelphia, and was manager one season. From this time up to his retiring from the stage, his time was principally employed in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

His last appearance took place Nov 18 1846, at the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia. The bill was "The Maid of Croissy" and "The Irish Ambassador," Mr. Wood appearing as Sergeant Austerlitz After the comedy he made his farewell address, and took his final leave of the stage. The house was crowded—the admission fee being $1 to all parts of the house. It was truly an ovation.

His range of characters has embraced nearly the whole scale of dramatic performance; and with his various powers we have difficulty in saying where to place his chief excellence. In the rich and pleasant scenes of English comedy, he was certainly without a rival; and this is no small distinction. Besides his wide range in comedy, he has taken his share, and that no small one, in the rank of tragedy.

In 1856 turned author, and wrote a book of his Personal Recollections of the Stage. Although it speaks a great deal of No 1, and pays a higher compliment to English actors than it does to those who were "to the manor born," yet it is very interesting

Mr. Wood is living in Philadelphia enjoying the fruits of his past labor; he receives yearly from his friends and admirers the handsome present of $1000 to cheer him on his path. Of no actor with whom we are acquainted can it with more truth be said than it may of Mr. Wood, that he never performed a character positively ill.

MRS. WM. B. WOOD.

Maiden name Juliana Westray; made her first appearance on the American stage in 1797, at the Haymarket Theatre, Boston, Mass.; first appeared in New York, June 14 1798, at the Park Theatre, as Sarsnet, in "The Deserted Daughter." On the 30th of Jan., 1804, was married to Mr. Wm. B Wood; appeared in Philadelphia at the Chestnut street Theatre, in Sept., 1812. Died in Philadelphia, Nov. 13, 1836.

JOHN WOOD.

BORN in England. From the Theatre Royal, Manchester, Eng.; made his first appearance on the American stage Sept. 11, 1854, at the opening of the New Boston Theatre, as Bob Acres in "The Rivals."

Mr. Wood is a very good low comedian, and as such has earned a reputation in this country not easily to be effaced. He is possessed of considerable humor, and never fails to create laughter.

MRS. JOHN WOOD.

BORN in England—was a member of the Theatre Royal, Manchester. Came to this country in 1854. Made her *debut* September 11th at the opening of the New Boston Theatre, on which occasion she appeared as Gertrude in "Loan of a Lover" Visited California, and made quite a hit. On the 14 h of March, 1859, she was manageress of the American Theatre, at San Francisco.

Returned to New York in May of the same year. During the summer season of 1860, she, in conjunction with Joseph Jefferson, was manager of Laura Keene's Theatre, New York. From the great popularity which she enjoyed in that city, her season was a very prosperous one. She is at present starring through the South and West.

Mrs. Wood is a very clever comedienne, and seldom fails to please her audience. She takes many liberties, more particularly with the author, nor can we find fault with her, for the effect she produces seems, in a measure, to justify the liberty. Still she is wrong, for when an audience finds out that her words are impromptu, the delusion of the scene is lost, the connection between author and actor destroyed, they feel as if they had the same freedom of speech, and may ultimately exercise it. Stick to the author if you value a lasting reputation.

She has a handsome figure, a beautiful leg, instep, and foot, and wears the male attire with an air "treading the earth with a fine elastic step," that has none of the mincing, petticoat gait. She has magnificent jet black hair, and eyes that defy description. She would have been a perfectly beautiful woman had not Nature, who started evidently with the intention of making her a Grecian nose, suddenly and maliciously turned it up at the end. As it is, however, she is certainly an exceedingly fine looking, pleasing, and agreeable person. She has great musical taste, and that taste has been well cultivated, for she sings with great precision. Her voice, however, though soft and sweet, is utterly devoid of power.

The great feature in Mrs Wood's performances is, that though always comic and original, her Comedy is never broad, her manner is entirely free from boldness, and she never appeals to the galleries.

WILLIAM A. WOOD.

BORN in London, January 23d, 1813. Made his first appearance on the stage at the London Bridge Theatre, at the age of three and a half years. Came to this country in 1839, and made his *debut* at the Chatham Theatre, New York. First appeared in Philadelphia January 11th, 1847, at the Arch Street Theatre, as Musha Pug, in "Jack Robinson and the Monkey."

Mr. Wood is one of the best melo-dramatic pantomimists in the country. As Tom, in "The Dumb Man of Manchester," and Kasrac, in "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," he is unapproachable. In dancing, he has improved wonderfully of late, and bids fair to become the best dancer on the American stage.

He is a young man of most excellent character, a good son, a kind brother, and a warm friend.

At present, a member of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where he is a great favorite.

ROSABELLA WOOD.

BORN in New York in 1845 Made her first appearance on the stage as a danseuse at her father's benefit, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1850. She is at present engaged with her brother William at the Arch Street Theatre. Gives promise of becoming a great artist.

[Next week, Thomas Apthorpe Cooper.]

SLIGHT PRAISE WHERE NO BLOOD IS SHED.—If Harper's Ferry, which was regarded by the rebels as an impregnable position, being strongly fortified, and having a numerous army behind it, had been stormed and taken by General Scott, with the loss to the victors of from five to ten thousand men, it would have been considered a brilliant achievement, for which General Scott would have been eulogized from one extremity of the Union to the other. But since he has compelled his evacuation by his military science and skill, without losing a man, we hear but little praise accorded to him. People forget that he is the truly great general who accomplishes objects with but little loss to his own troops. They look rather to the glare of battle than to its results.

A FAIR SHAKE.—"Feller sogers," said a newly elected Lieutenant of militia, "I'm allfired obliged to you for this shove up in the ranks you have given me Feller sogers, I'm not going to forget your kindness soon, not by a darned sight; and I'll tell you what it is, I'll stick to my post like pitch to a pine board, as long as there's peace, but as I go in for rotation in office, and if we should come to blows with the rebels, darn'd if I don't resign right off and give every fellow a fair shake for fame and glory, and all that ere."

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER THIRTY-NINE.

DAN DONNELLY, THE CHAMPION OF IRELAND,

His Battles with Hall and Cooper on the Curragh of Kildare.

Donnelly's first appearance in the prize ring, it appears, was with Tom Hall, of the Isle of Wight, who was on a sparring tour in Ireland. It was for a subscription purse of 100 guineas, in a twenty-feet ring, and took place on the Curragh of Kildare, on the 14th of September, 1814. The concourse of persons that flocked to witness this combat was more than ever was remembered upon any similar occasion. It seemed as if Dublin had emptied itself, and not less than 40,000 spectators were present. The vehicles on the road were beyond all calculation, from the barouche, jaunting cars, and gingles, down to those of the most humble description. The footpaths also were covered with pedestrians, so great was the anxiety manifested by the Irish people for the fame of their champion. Previous to the battle the combatants met on the ground and drank with each other. Donnelly first entered the ring, and was greeted with thunders of applause. Hall was also well received. The battle did not answer the expectations which had been previously formed upon it. In fact, Hall was over-matched considerably in point of weight, and therefore compelled to act upon the defensive. It was far from a stand-up fight. Donnelly received no injury, except one trifling cut on his lip, which drew first blood. He slipped down once. His superiority of strength was evident, and he did not appear the least exhausted. Donnelly generally hit first. Hall did not acknowledge defeat, and retired from the ring by order of the umpires after the fifteenth round, exclaiming foul, in consequence of being hit three times when he was down. No betting occurred during the fight, but previous to which it was 60 to 40 upon Hall, and, on the ground, 25 to 20. Bonfires were made in several of the streets of Dublin, by the warm-hearted countrymen of Donnelly, to celebrate his victory. The latter was under the training of Capt. Kelly. He was also seconded by this gentleman and Capt. Barclay, brother to the celebrated pedestrian. Hall was attended by Painter and Carter. During the fight Donnelly kept his temper—closed every round—and attempted to put in some heavy blows, which, had they reached their destination, must have proved effective in the extreme. Hall was well known as a game man; and as a scientific fighter he appeared far more conspicuous than Donnelly. It was, however, urged by the partisans of the Irish Champion, that Hall fell down three times without a blow, which were not noticed; and Donnelly, in his eagerness to catch him, before he again attempted this sort of conduct, hit Hall once, in particular, so desperately on his ear, while he was sitting on the ground, that the claret flowed in torrents from it. The most independent and candid opinion upon the subject, from the best judges of pugilism who witnessed the battle, appears to be that both of the combatants lost it!

HIS BATTLE WITH COOPER.

Geo. Cooper, who was teaching the Art of Self-defence in Ireland, with much approbation, and whose fame as a boxer in England was also well known to the Irish amateurs, was afterwards selected as an equal competitor for Donnelly, and they fought for a purse of £60. On Monday, the 13th of Dec., 1815, they met in the ring, on the Curragh of Kildare, at a few minutes after ten o'clock in the morning. At an early hour thousands of persons left Dublin to witness the fight, and the road to the scene of action was crowded with vehicles of every description, hurrying along to reach the destined spot. Donnelly, followed by Coady, received great approbation upon making his appearance; and Cooper, upon entering the ring, was loudly cheered by the spectators. The combatants shook hands together, and immediately began to prepare for action. Coady seconded Donnelly, and Painter attended upon Cooper. Both the men appeared in good condition.

Round 1. The tight boys of the sod were all upon the alert in favor of their countryman, and Donnelly must win, and nothing else, was the general cry. Every eye was on the stretch when the men set to Some little time occurred in sparring, when Donnelly planted a sharp blow on the neck of Cooper, and the latter returned in a neat manner on the body. Desperate milling then took place, when the round was finished by Donnelly, who in first-rate style floored his antagonist. It would be impossible to describe the shout that accompanied this feat; it was not unlike a fire of artillery; and the faces of the Paddies smiled again with innate approbation.

2. Considerable science was display-d before a hit was made, when Donnelly put in a sharp facer. He also drew blood from one of Cooper's ears, and his strength prevailed to that extent, as to drive Cooper to the ropes, where he went down.

3 Had it not been on the Curragh of Kildare, it was presumed, that the fine fighting of Cooper would have told with better effect. He evidently labored under great fear, from the prejudice of the numerous spectators being so much attached to his opponent; but Donnelly exhibited great improvement, and he completely took the lead this round. After some tremendous hitting Cooper went down. Another uproarious burst of applause.

4. This was altogether a good round. Cooper convinced Donnelly that he was a troublesome customer, and, in spite of his overwhelming strength, he could not protect himself from punishment. In closing, both down, but Cooper undermost. Donnelly was now decidedly the favorite, and 6 to 4 was the general betting.

5. The gaiety of Donnelly was hastily stopped, after an exchange of a few blows. Cooper, with much adroitness, floored Donnelly in a scientific style; but the latter instantly got upon his legs without any help. The odds changed, and even betting was the truth.

6 Cooper's mode of fighting extorted the admiration of the Irish amateurs, from the ease and natural manner he contended with his big opponent. Donnelly was kept to his work, and he had some difficulty in getting Cooper off his legs.

7 In this round Donnelly was seen to much advantage, and he resolutely went in, as if to beat his opponent off hand. He drove Cooper to all parts of the ring, till they closed, when the strength of Donnelly almost proved fatal to his opponent. Cooper received one of the most dreadful cross-buttocks ever witnessed; and, by way of rendering it even more terrific, Donnelly fell on Cooper with all his weight, driving the wind nearly out of his body.

8. From the severity of the late fall, Cooper appeared much distressed on setting-to. Donnelly, with some judgment, turned the weakness of his opponent to good account; and, after having the best of his adversary, Donnelly put in so tremendous a hit, that Cooper was hit off his legs. The loud cheerings from all parts of the ring beggared description, and, in the pride of the moment, a guinea to a tenpenny bit was offered on Donnelly.

9. Cooper commenced this round in the most gallant style, and the milling was truly desperate on both sides. In making a hit, Donnelly over-reached himself and slipped down.

10 The strength of Donnelly was too powerful for Cooper; but, notwithstanding this vast disparagement, the latter fought him upon equal terms of confidence. Cooper was, however, again floored by Donnelly. High odds, but no takers.

11 and last. It was evident that Cooper could not win; but, nevertheless, this round was fought with as much resolution and science to obtain the superiority, as if the battle had just commenced. Donnelly, at length, put in two tremendous blows, that put an end to the contest, particularly one on the mouth that knocked Cooper off his feet. On victory being declared in favor of Donnelly, the applause lasted for a minute. The battle continued for about twenty-two minutes. Donnelly appeared quite elated with victory, and shook hands with Cooper, and also his friends.

Donnelly, in the above fight, portrayed great improvement both in science and temper; and, added to his overwhelming strength, he was enabled to beat down the guard of Cooper with ease and effect. He was also in better condition than when he fought Hall. Cooper was much beneath his antagonist both in size and weight.

Cooper was, in a manner, half beat before he entered the ring, arising, it is urged, from the prejudices which existed against him. The sum originally offered to the combatants was a purse of £120, and the loser to have £20; but on the morning of fighting, after Cooper had been kept waiting in a chaise on the ground for upwards of an hour, he was told that the funds would not admit of more than £60 to be given to the winner, and nothing to the losing man. Upon this statement, Cooper declared he would not fight, but the reply was:—*"You are on the ground, man, and you must fight! The amateurs cannot be disappointed."* Under the above disadvantages Cooper met his adversary—he had not only dared the attempt of wresting the laurel from the brow of the champion, but that, too, upon his native soil. During the battle some intemperate person

threw a stone into the ring, which struck Painter on his back, the second of Cooper.

It is not meant to be urged that the latter could have won the battle; an impartial opinion has been given by his own countrymen directly to the contrary, asserting that Cooper, with all his superior boxing skill, did not possess strength enough to reduce the overwhelming powers of Donnelly. This Irish Champion was there considered a first-rate boxer; and from the repeated use of the gloves he derived great improvement. His benefits at the Olympic Theatre, in Dublin, were, in general, numerously attended; and in the character of a publican, his house was well attended by the Irish amateurs. The size, strength, and science of Donnelly qualified him to fight any man in the world.

MALDONATA AND HER PUMA CHAMPION.

During the government of Don Diego de Mendoza, in Paraguay, a direful famine swept the land. A murrain fell on the cattle, and the hard-hearted earth, lacking the rain's soft persuasion, refused to yield a single green blade. As the inhabitants sauntered listlessly through the silent streets, their garments hung sluttishly on their lean bodies, and as they regarded each other with eyes gaunt with hunger, they thought of all they had heard of the way in which famishing men at sea had ere now assuaged their appetites, and the more they dwelt upon it, the more excusable the thing appeared. That was how the strong, gaunt men viewed the matter; it is probable, however, if the tender youth of the city, and the little men who were constitutionally plump, had been consulted on the subject, they would probably have been of a different way of thinking. What made the destitution more aggravated, was the fact that out in the country, and beyond Don Diego's jurisdiction, there was food in plenty; but the food was in the hands of the Indians, with whom the Spanish Governor was at war, and he did not choose that his subjects should reveal the weakness of his camp by appearing before the enemy as lean beggars sueing for bread. To this end, he forbade the people, on pain of death, to go into the fields in search of relief, placing soldiers at the outskirts of the city to shoot down all deserters from the pale banner of hunger that hung over Don Diego's dominions. Many made the attempt, and were duly brought down by the bullet, much to the satisfaction of the animated carrion bones-and-feathers that perched disconsolate on the city walls At last, however, a woman, named Maldonata, cheated soldiers, vultures and all, and fled into the open country. How long a time elapsed before her indomitable courage was rewarded with a meal, the legend does not record; but when night came, and Maldonata required a lodging, she crept into a cavern, and there crouched down to sleep. By-and-by, however, she was roused by the most melancholy moanings, and, raising her head, her astonished eyes met those of a great female puma pacing up and down before the cavern entrance. The puma presently paused in its uneasy pacing, and approached Maldonata with the full intention, as that person naturally supposed, of eating her up; but, wonderful to relate, instead of falling on her, tooth and nail, it merely applied its tongue, and licked Maldonata's hand, as a lap-dog might, hers being the lap it was familiar with. The fact, however, was, the poor puma was about to become a mother, and when the cubs were born, and the animal out of its trouble, it still maintained the friendly spirit it had at first evinced, and signified, as plainly as a dumb beast could, its desire that Maldonata should continue to make herself at home—cheerfully taking upon itself the whole responsibility of providing food for the entire family. This state of things continued till the cubs grew up and went about their business, as did their parent, leaving Maldonata to shift for herself. But, venturing abroad, she speedily fell into the hands of the soldiers, who brought her back to Buenos Ayres, and took her before Don Francis Ruez de Galen, who then commanded in Mendoza's stead.

"Take her," said De Galen, who was a man of coarse and bloody mind—"take her into the forest and bind her to a tree; as to her death, let starvation and the wild beasts settle it amongst themselves."

So poor Maldonata was taken, and tied, and left in the forest. Curious to know the fate of the woman, however, the same company of soldiers, two days afterwards, visited the spot, when, instead of finding, as they confidently expected, the empty waist chain dangling from the tree, and the victim's tattered and talon-torn rags strewing the earth, there she was, alive, with a great female puma keeping sentry before her, and guarding her from a host of other pumas and jaguars that chafed and mouthed on every side. As soon as the guardian puma saw the soldiers, she, with the rest of the savage beasts, retired; and then, having been released from her bonds, Maldonata related the story of the puma in the cavern, and how that it and the one that had protected her through two long days and nights were identical. Hearing this, the soldiers ventured to represent the case to De Galen, who, ashamed to avow himself more heartless than a puma, pardoned Maldonata, and sent her home to her family.

A FEMALE DUEL.

A French lady having accidentally met, in a large party, a young lady of quality, who had formerly been a great favorite with the husband of the former lady, and who, she suspected, was yet carrying on a private correspondence with him, the married dame made use of such very severe and pointed expressions, that the young lady who was not of the most forbearing temper in the world, after giving her a few very tart replies, threw a candlestick at her head. As every one else was deeply engaged at cards, they had not paid any attention to their dispute; but as soon as they perceived that the quarrel was not confined to words, they did all in their power to reconcile them; the candlestick only struck against the wainscot, and consequently caused more alarm than hurt; they persuaded the ladies to embrace each other, and they thought the matter would end there; but they were mistaken, for the young lady significantly pressed the hand of her enemy, while she pretended to be reconciled, and the next morning she sent her a challenge expressed in the following terms:—

"If you desire satisfaction for my throwing the candlestick at you last night, you have only to repair at ten o'clock to the public gardens, where you will find me in a retired spot, with two swords; and I am desirous of receiving satisfaction from you for your insulting language towards me; but be sure you come alone, and do not mention this to any one; for it would be dangerous to implicate men in a quarrel that we can very easily settle between ourselves, provided you are of my opinion; I shall expect you."

The married lady was punctual as to the appointment, and the young lady gave her the choice of the two swords. After having closed the door of the retired part of the garden they had chosen, they began their combat with that kind of skill which might be expected from females more versed in the exercise of the needle than the sword They clashed their weapons a long time, and made so much noise, that those who walked in the neighboring garden heard them, and thought it was two men who were fighting; they ran immediately to separate them, but were obliged to break open the door, which the ladies had barricaded; this delay, they feared, would be fatal to the two combatants. At length they entered, and were much astonished at seeing two females, who parried and thrusted in the most awkward manner. The heat of the combat had prevented them from feeling that they were both wounded; but as soon as they were disarmed, and saw their blood flowing, they both fainted away; they were carried to their respective homes, and it was discovered that the married lady was wounded on the left breast, and the young lady in the hip.

THE best penance we can do for envying another's merit, is to endeavor to surpass it.

AN IRISH SOLDIER'S DODGE.

A son of the Emerald Isle, but not himself green, was taken up, (for he was at the time down) near a rebel encampment, not far from Manassas Junction. In a word, Pat was taking a quiet nap in the shade, and was aroused from his slumbers by a scouting party. He wore no special uniform of either army, but looked more like a spy than an alligator, and on this was arrested. "Who are you?—what is your name?—and where are you from?" were the first questions put to him by the armed party. Pat rubbed his eyes, scratched his head, and answered:—"Be gorra, gentlemen, thim is ugly questions to answer anyhow, and before I answer any o' thim, I'd be after axin' ye, by ye're lave, the same thing. "Well," said the leader, "we are of Scott's army, and belong to Washington." "All right," said Pat, "I knowed ye were gintlemen, for I'm that same thing. Long life to Gineral Scott" "Aha!" replied the scout, "now, you rascal, you are our prisoner," and seized him by the shoulder. "How is that, are we not friends?" inquired Pat. "No," was the answer, "we belong to Gen. Beauregard's army." "Thin ye tould me a lie, me boys, and thinkin' it might be so, I tould ye 'nother. Now tell me the truth, and and I'll tell the truth, too." "Well, we belong to the State of South Carolina." "So do I," promptly responded Pat, "and to all the other States o' the country, too; and there I'm thinkin I bate the whole o' ye. Do you think I'd come all the way from ould Ireland to belong to *one* State, when I had a right to belong to the whole o' thim?" This logic was rather a stumper, but they took him, as before said, and carried him to camp for further examination. It is pretty evident from this specimen that Pat needed no prompting in a close examination, and bearing no evidence that he was a spy, they let him off, and the more readily, as, while he assured them he was no 'politicianer," he persisted in thinking that any man was a greater fool to belong to only *one* State, when he had a right (as he had) of belonging to *thirty-four* States, "besides the Territories." Now, in this simple incident, we know why so large a majority of our adopted citizens stick to the national flag and the national union. They became citizens and swore fealty to the *whole country*, not to a political fragment of it. They remember their oath, while many native born forget their "birthright."

ORIGINAL WAR TALK BY A FIRE ZOUAVE.—On the return of the Fire Zouaves to Washington, after the late battle, the excitement to see those noble fellows was such that an immense crowd collected around them, to whom the Zouaves related many wonderful stories of personal adventure and regimental prowess during the fight. One little short fellow, with a bright black eye, having his red skull-cap pushed on the back of his head, his arms akimbo, and his cheek dilated with the weed, was holding forth to a knot of admiring men and boys, somewhat in this fashion: Fight! oh, no. We didn't fight—perhaps we didn't. Just see here. After we'd been a standing three hours, by —— in the grass, up came a long-legged cuss, and says he, follow me. We went, we did—first short, and then double quick. All of a sudden, pop, bang, bang, bang, went the bloody guns on our left, that God only knew was there, for we didn't, and the boys fell down like sheep. And then the way we took them batteries. Well, you ought to have seen it—that's all. We saw our men drove from their guns, and we made up our minds to get 'em, and we charged, yelling like bloody h—l, drove the secesshers back a deuced sight quicker than they come, and popped 'em down at every shot. But when we'd got the guns the fellers didn't come to hold 'em, and of course we couldn't work 'em, and we left. But the charge of those d—d Black Horse "Cavalry" was the best thing. I say, Bill, *those* fellers weren't no darned persimmons—no sir-ee; they did very well, they did, but they don't brag much where they are now. Well, sir, they came a riding down on to us like the very devil, and we just come the three rank arrangement on 'em—one rank was down there, the second just above their shoulders, and the third fellers stood up straight. On they came—sword and pistol in hand, and the horses galloping like d—n—n. "Don't fire till they get way up," says Pony—and we didn't. The cusses didn't know what to make of it, but we soon informed them. Pop went the first rank, and the poor devils fell out of their saddles like dead sheep. Bang went number two, and down came another batch, and I'll be d—d if I believe there was a third of 'm left when they turned tail and scud away, as if all h—ll was after 'em." The boys were very tired and hungry and thirsty, and the timely presence of a lunch of bread and butter, sent by a lady in the vicinity, was cheerfully and gratefully received.

FUNNY INCIDENT.—On the steamer Indiana, on one of her trips down the Mississippi, there happened to be on board a hoosier from the Wabash, who was going to New Orleans, and had provided himself with an old fiddle, fancying he could fiddle as well as the next man, and planting himself where he could attract notice, scraped away. The fellow couldn't fiddle any more than a setting hen, and the horrible noise disturbed his fellow-passengers. A Frenchman of very delicate nerves and musical ear was especially annoyed. He fluttered, fidgeted, and swore at the fiddle. The passengers tried various expedients to rid themselves of the Hoosier and his fiddle, but it was no go; he swore he'd "musick just as long as he pleased." At last a big Kentuckian sprang from his seat, saying. "I'll fix him." Placing himself by the fiddler, he commenced braying with all his might. The effect of this move was beyond description. Old Kentucky brayed so loud that he drowned the screeching of the fiddle, and amid the shouts of the passengers, the discomfited Hoosier retired, leaving the victory with the Kentuckian, and his imitation of Balaam's friend. The delight of the Frenchman knew no bounds, and quiet was restored. During the night the Kentuckian left the boat. The next morning, before breakfast, the passengers were startled by the discordant sounds of the tormentor. Hoosier had discovered the coast was clear, and was bound to revenge himself on the passengers. Louder and worse than ever screamed the fiddle. The Frenchman, just seated to read his paper, on the first sound arose and looked anxiously around, shrugged his shoulders, and then shouted, "Vare is he? Vare is he? Quick! quick! Vare is Monsieur Kentuck, de man vat play on de jackass?"

"NOW YOU SEE IT, AND NOW YOU DON'T SEE IT."—The correspondent of the London *Times* (Mr. Russell), thus describes one of the companies at Camp Tracy, near New Orleans:—

"The encampment of the 'Perrit Guards' was worthy of a visit. Here was a company of *professional gamblers* 112 strong, recruited for the war in a moment of banter by one of the patriarchs of the fraternity, who, upon hearing at the St. Charles Hotel one evening, that the vanity or the patriotism of a citizen, not famed for liberality, had endowed with $1,000 a company which was to bear his name, exclaimed that 'he would give $1,500 to any one who should be fool enough to form a company and call it after him.' In less than an hour after the utterance of this caprice, Mr. Perrit was waited upon by fifty-six 'professionals,' who had enrolled their names as the 'Perrit Guards,' and he unhesitatingly produced the sum so sportively pledged."

The above company is drilled in rather an odd manner. The officers go by the titles of Ace, King, Queen and Knave. The company is divided into right and left Bowers, and if, by any inadvertance, they get things "mixed up," the "Ace," instead of giving the command "as you were" calls out for a "new deal," and order is instantly restored. If they should happen to meet Wilson's Zouaves, who are in that vicinity, they will probably attempt to "pass." But Billy will probably make clubs trumps, and sweep the deck.

WORK AND PLAY.

Nobody, whose tastes are in a natural condition, likes to work. Some persons, by long training, and by the force of various circumstances, come to have a morbid appetite for work. If we want to know the natural feeling of humanity towards work, see what children think of it. Is not the task always a disagreeable necessity, even to the very best boy? How often have we seen silly parents trying to get their children to say that they liked school time better than holiday time; that they liked work better than play. We have seen with joy, manly little fellows repudiating the unnatural sentiment, and declaring boldly that they preferred cricket to the classics. And if any little boy tells you that he would rather learn his lessons than go out to the play-ground, beware of that little boy, for either his health is drooping, and his mind becoming unnaturally developed, or he is a little humbug. Every one naturally hates work, and loves its opposite, play; and it should be remembered that not idleness, but play, is the opposite of work. But some people are so constituted as to be able to idealize their work into play; and thus the element is rejected which makes work a pain. We work because we must; it is our duty; we live by it; it is the Creator's intention that we should; it makes us enjoy leisure, recreation and rest; it stands between us and the pure misery of idleness; it is dignified and honorable; it is the soil and atmosphere in which grow cheerfulness, hopefulness, and health of body and mind. But still, if we could get all these good ends without it, we should rejoice. We do not care for exertion for its own sake. Work is not an end in itself, but, as Aristotle says, "the end of work is to enjoy leisure." There is a great want in all that is written on the subject of recreation. We are told that we need recreation, cannot do without it, that mind and body alike demand it; but the important question, how are we to recreate ourselves; remains unanswered. We want the practical details. We envy school-boys their facility of being amused, and of finding recreation which entirely changes the current of their thoughts. A boy flying his kite or whipping his top, is pursued by no remembrance of the knotty line of Virgil which puzzled him a little while before in school; but when the grown-up man takes his sober afternoon walk—perhaps the only relaxation which he has during the day—he is thinking still of the book which he is writing, and of the cares which he has left at home. But if he had even the power of diverting his thoughts from his work, and was desirous of engaging in some athletic sport in which he felt an interest, his lungs and sinews—were he like the majority of educated and literary men of middle age—would forbid his joining in any such recreation. And the question still remains to be answered, what recreation is open to the middle-aged man of literary tastes? Shooting and fishing, says one; gardening, says another; but he does not care for any of these. Music is suggested, but he has no ear for it. Society! but pray what is society? No doubt the conversation of intelligent men and women is a most grateful recreation, but what recreation is there in dreary dinner-parties, where one listens to the twaddle of silly old men and emptier young ones; or in the hot-house atmosphere and crush of most of evening parties. These are not play, but very hard work producing no beneficial results whatever. Then, no doubt there is agreeable recreation for some people in the excitement of a polka, or gallop, and its attendant light and cheerful talk; but then these things are for young people. Besides, if play be something from which you are to return with renewed strength and interest to work, we doubt whether the ball room is the place where it is to be found. Late hours, a feverish atmosphere, and excessive exercise, tend to headaches, crossness, and laziness. Now if a man has come to this, that he can feel no interest in such recreations as these we have mentioned, what is he to do? After using his eyes and exerting his brain all the forenoon in reading and writing by way of work, must he just use his eyes and exert his brain all the evening in reading and writing by way of play? Has it come to this, that he can only amuse himself by reading the newspaper, a novel, or the magazine? These are excellent in their way; they relax and interest the mind; but they wear out the eyes, contract the chest, and render the muscles flabby; they make the mind, but unmake the body. Now that will not do. Educated and cultivated men make a terrible mistake in this respect; they make recreation purely mental; they give a little play to their minds, after the day's work; but they give no play to their bodies, and therefore they grow weak, nervous, dyspeptic, near-sighted and unmuscular men; and in time all the train of evils that follow a neglect of the proper recreation for the physical nature, come miserably to affect their spirits, and ultimately to pervert and distort their views of men and things around them. We can well imagine what a delightful thing it must be for the toil worn city worker to throw aside his business affairs and their appliances, and quitting the close atmosphere of the city, set off for the country during the season's vacation. No schoolboy at holiday time is lighter hearted than he; but, much as he enjoys his long vacation's play, it can readily be seen by his pale cheeks, his fleshless fingers, and unmuscular arms, what he needs in addition to his summer holiday, and that is some *bona fide* play *every day of his life*. But if it be unwise to take all the year's play at once, how much more foolish it is to keep all the play of life till the work is over; to toil at business through all the best years of our time in this world, in the hope that at length we shall be able to retire from business, and make the evening of life all holiday. In all likelihood, the man who takes this course will never retire at all except into an untimely grave; and should he live to reach the long coveted retreat, he will find that all play and no work makes life quite as wearisome and as little enjoyable as all work and no play.

HARD STUDY AND GOOD HEALTH.—Hard study is generally thought to be adverse to health; and conversely, unhealthy students are thought, or think themselves to be identical with hard students. Paleness of countenance, nervous weakness and headache are cultivated or affected, because they are supposed to indicate superior intellectual gifts. Dangerous fallacy which has cost many a good fellow his life! No man, or woman either, ever killed himself or herself with hard study. Not a bit of it; but many a lazy fellow, fond of intellectual occupation, with physical inaction, has been a victim to disordered digestion and crazed nerves, all the time laboring under the grievious mistake that he was one of those favorites of the gods who die young, because they are of too ethereal a temper to stand the rude shock of such a miserable world as this. Why the world is a brave world—worthy the dwelling-place of the noblest creatures God ever made. It is too good for the simpleton who does not know how to take care of himself; who mistakes neglect of body for culture of mind; who goes moping and moaning about because his breakfast sets uneasily on his weakened stomach, thinking it to be proof that he is too delicate or too refined for the hardships of human condition. Up, man, dreamer, fool; go plunge into the health-giving, joy-inspiring waves of yonder ocean, while summer lasts; take a cold shower-bath in winter. Walk long distances, if you have the time; swing the dumb bells if you have not. Cold water, vigorous exercise, hard study—these are the conditions of moral, mental, and bodily health.

A POLITE BULL.—An Irishman was going along a road, when an angry bull rushed down upon him, and with his horns tossed him over a fence. The Irishman, recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the enraged bull pawing and tearing up the ground (as is the custom of the animal when irritated,) whereupon Pat smiling at him, said:—"If it was not for your bowing and scraping, and your humble apologies, you brute, faix I should think that you had thrown me over the fence on purpose."

AN ATTEMPT TO POISON GENERAL WASHINGTON.

A surgeon in the American Army relates this story:—A simple girl was instrumental in saving the life of Washington. I can speak of it now, as it can do no harm. It was about the middle of June, 1776, and while the General was at New York, awaiting the approach of the British troops, that the girl came to Francis, her own husband, whom she considered in the light of a royalist, and informed him as a secret she had overheard, that there was a plan in operation among the government men to destroy the rebel leader—as she termed the Commander-in-Chief—by poison, which was to be plentifully mingled with green peas, a favorite vegetable of his, at Richmond Hill, the headquarters where he was to dine. Francis went immediately to Washington, and acquainted him with the danger that threatened him. The General, having listened with careful attention, said:

"My friend—I thank you, your fidelity has saved my life—to what reserve the Almighty only knows. But now for your own safety, I charge you to return to your house, and let not a word of what you have related to me pass your lips; it would involve you in certain ruin; and Heaven forbid that your life should be forfeited or endangered by your faith to me. I will take the necessary steps to prevent, and at the same time discover the instrument of this wicked device."

The next day, about two hours before dinner, he sent for his guard, told him of the plot, and requested that he would disguise himself as a female, and go to the kitchen—there to keep a strict watch on the peas until they should be served for the table.

The young man carefully observed the directions he had received, and had not long been upon his post before the unfortunate T. H., another of the General's guards, came to the door, looked anxiously in, and then went away.

In a few minutes after he returned, and approached the hearth were the peas stood, and was about to mingle the deadly substance, when he suddenly shrunk back as though from the sting of a forked-tongued adder, his color changing to the pale hue of death, and his limbs quivering apparently with fear, evidently horror-stricken with his own purpose—but soon, however, the operation of the more powerful incitement urged forward his hand, that, trembling, strewed the odious bane, and he left the kitchen, overwhelmed with conflicting passions, remorse, and confusion.

"Harold sleeps no more—the cry hath reached his heart ere the deed he accomplished," said the youth on duty, in a voice not devoid of pity, as he looked after the wretch.

"What! T. H.?" said the General, sorrowfully, upon receiving the information, "can it be possible—so young, so fair, so gentle? He would have been the last one upon whom a suspicion of that nature could fall by right of countenance. You have done well," said he to the youth before him. "Go join your comrades, and be secret."

The young man went accordingly, and Washington returned to the piazza, where several general officers were assembled, among whom was the hero of Saratoga, who was waiting for further instructions from Congress before he departed for Canada.

In a few minutes dinner was announced, and the party was ushered into a handsome room, where a sumptuous board was spread, covered with all the delicacies of the season.

Washington took his seat, and placed General Gates on his right hand and General Wooster on his left. When the remainder of the officers and company were seated and eager to commence the duties of the table, the General said, very impressively:—

"Gentlemen, I must request you to suspend your meal a moment. Let the guard attend to me."

All was silence and amazement. The guard entered and formed a line toward the upper end of the apartment.

Washington, having put on his plate a portion of the peas, fixed his eyes on T. H.

"Shall I eat this vegetable?" he asked.

The youth turned pale, and became dreadfully agitated, while he faintly uttered,

"I don't know!"

Here H. raised his hand, as if by an involuntary impulse, to prevent their being tasted. A chicken was then brought in, that a conclusive experiment might be made in the presence of all those witnesses.

The chicken ate of the peas, and immediately died, and the wretched T. H., overcome with horror and remorse, fell fainting, and was borne from the apartment.

AMPUTATION OF LIMBS.—The Malays, ferocious as they uniformly are in all their manners and dealings with strangers, are not less so in the punishments they establish among themselves. Harriot, a traveller of strict veracity, says, that in his walks, particularly in the bazaar or market place, he saw many mutilated persons, whom he found to be culprits, punished, according to their offences, by the chopping off of a hand or foot. Some, whose offences had been repeated, had neither hand nor foot left. The foot is taken off at a single stroke a little above the ancle; a bamboo cane is prepared ready for the occasion, adapted to the length and size of the culprit's leg, the hollow of which cane is nearly filled with heated *dammer*, a resinous substance something like pitch. When the punishment is inflicted, the bleeding stump is thrust into this heated resin within the bamboo, which as it is cooled becomes fixed. Thus if the victim survives this delicate operation, he is provided with an excellent bamboo jury-leg to stump about on.

TERRIFIC SNAKE ENCOUNTER.—Recently, while a party of young folks, of Allentown, Pa., were indulging in picnic enjoyments on the Island of Bethlehem, several young men connected with the affair, were saluted with the cry of "A Snake! A Snake!" and immediately hastened to the quarters of the reptile. A volley of stones was fired at the "varmint," which merely had the effect of making him quickly bob his head beneath the water and mud, and as quickly raised it. As to the species, some contended it was a huge rattle snake, for they heard the rattle; others were sure it was a venomous copper-head, and confidently affirmed they heard the hissing, while the continual shower of clubs and stones failing to destroy him, convinced every one present that the reptile was, to say the least, very tenacious of life, if not of monstrous dimensions and power. After great labor attended with much perspiration, it was ascertained that the formidable varmint was nothing else than a lady's bustle made out of brown muslin!

CLEANLINESS.—Genius, love and fanaticism seem partial to dirt. Every one knows what a German philosopher looks like, and Wertner showed his misery by wearing the same coat and appendages for a whole year. As to the saints they were proud of their unchanged flannel, and the monk was never made late for matins by the intricacy of his toilet. St. Simeon of the Pillar is an instance of the common opinion of his day, that far from cleanliness being next to godliness, the nearest road to heaven is a remarkably dirty one. Perhaps, however, he trusted to the rain to cleanse him, and he was certainly a user of the shower-bath, which cannot be said of many a fine gentleman. Religion, however, is not always accompanied with neglect of the person. The Brahmin bathes twice a day, and rinses his mouth seven times the first thing in the morning. It is strange that Manu, while enumerating the pollutions of this world, should have made the exception of woman's mouth, which he tells us is always clean.

JUST SO.—A young married woman, whose husband had "gone to the war," heard in conversation the remark that the Government wanted more cavalry and more infantry. She replied that she knew nothing of the cavalry, but added, with a sigh, that if more *infantry* was needed, the government had better send some of the volunteers home again.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

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The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Albany, N. Y.....J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20-9m*
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Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
SIXTH SEASON—GRAND RE OPENING OF THE WOLD-RENOWNED
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.
MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5th, 1861. The Hall has been most beautifully
DECORATED, RE-PAINTED, NEW SCENERY, &c , &c.
The company this season will comprise the following popular artists:—
S. C. CAMPBELL, the favorite vocalist.

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A new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, &c. For particulars see bills of the day. 17tf

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OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON.
GRAND REOPENING, MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS,
Respectfully announce that they will commence their
FIFTH ANNUAL SEASON AS ABOVE
THE HOUSE HAS BEEN ENTIRELY REMODELED, ENLARGED, AND BEAUTIFIED; STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF SCENERY, TRAPS AND STAGE EFFECTS.
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Nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors. [16] LON MORRIS, Manager.

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MAGNIFICENT NEW MILITARY SPECTACULAR PANTOMIME.
THE SOUTHERN REFUGEE;
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FALSE AND TRUE.
In which will be introduced an entirely new and original
ZOUAVE DRILL,
By twenty young Amazons, in splendid costume.
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In his original character of the young Patriot.
THIS GRAND PANTOMIME
Will be produced in the very best style, with
NEW DRESSES and NEW SCENERY.
NEW DRESSES and NEW SCENERY.
Remember, second time Monday Evening.
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One door below Broome Street.
OPEN EVERY EVENING,
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POWERFUL CONSTELLATION OF ATTRACTIONS!
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The greatest Danseuse that has ever appeared in America.
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A SPLENDID AND EFFICIENT ORCHESTRA.
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(LATE)
THE ORIGINAL CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,
From Broadway, N. Y.
FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS!
Selected from the *elite* of the profession, and pronounced by the entire Press and Public to be the
NE PLUS ULTRA OF ALL MINSTREL ORGANIZATIONS,
Will have the honor of appearing in all the Principal cities and towns in the United States and Canada, during the summer.
The undersigned has now the members of the ORIGINAL CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, who composed the company under the proprietorship of W. A Christy, who retired from the company upon the 12th of June 1861, and for a consideration gave this company the exclusive use of the name of "Christy's Minstrels"
Respectfully, WM. L. FARR.
LIST OF ARTISTES.
Charley Lowe, Frank Kyle, Chas. Carples, L. C. Brimmer, Andy Morris, W. McCracken, J T. Ainsworth, Geo. Gray, J. H. Roberts, Mast. E. Florence, Geo. Chilcoat, A. Silberberg, L. E Whitmore.
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THIS THEATRE IS CONSIDERED THE ONLY SUMMER THEATRE IN THE EMPIRE CITY,
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☞ We have letters for Messrs Jim Riley, Jas Gibbons, J. Donnelly, J. H. Rogers, C. J. Walter, and Madame A. Seaman.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, August 12, 1861.

In his tent scene, Richard the Third, then preparing for the Battle of Bosworth, and prior to a ghostly interview with several of the victims of his cruelty and ambition, is made by Shakespeare to utter something very pretty and poetic about the "stars that wink as with o'er watching," the perfume of the "new-mown hay," and the "hum of the armorers," as they are engaged in riveting on the mail of their masters. As the picture in words, of a brief and slight qualification of utter solitude, this soliloquy has lived in the hearts of millions almost three hundred years, and if the world continues so long, will yet be cherished by the people during three hundred generations. So far so good. But the reason for our alluding to King Richard, or the Battle of Bosworth field, or the royal ghosts which paid him a nocturnal visit then and there, may be enquired. If so, our explanation is ready, and to the point, that the tent scene in the tragedy we have spoken of is really suggestive of the preparations that are now being made in our midst, not for warfare, but for amusement. Since our Theatres and Concert Saloons (to mention them in the mass) have been closed for that profound interval that comes between June and September, scarcely anything has stirred; but now, that these places must be re-opened in a few days, there comes to us a sort of hum of preparation comparable to that of the armorers to whom the last of the Plantagenets alluded. Were we inclined to strain a point for likeness, we might prolong the similarity between the scene in the play and the foreshadowings and other associations of the dramatic season that is about to be commenced, taking the stars in the true firmament for the "stars" of the dramatic, which, probably enough, are "winking," if not from "o'er watching," at all events, from anxiety to be in good and shining order when required; while, as for the "new-mown hay," the sweet odor of which the nostrils of King Dick could appreciate, we might say that it was suggestive of the "hay" which our friends the managers are hopeful of making in the course of the coming campaign. Strange that those nostrils (we are going back to King Richard) could properly estimate the sweetness of the natural perfume he speaks of by the way—strange, we mean, after the blood he must have sniffed. But there, like Walpole, we have our "historic" doubts, and really credit King Richard the Third to have been a man very much maligned. We are wandering, however, from our proper subject, which is comprised in the places of public amusement soon to be opened. About these, the tokens of *something to happen* are unmistakable. Up at Wallack's new house, for example, four or five individuals have been seen within the past week, going in and out, and more or less anxious in aspect. The "veteran" himself has come from Long Branch once or twice, and we have it from rumor, which however, we do not guarantee as truth, that on Wednesday last, some stray notes of a violin were heard to issue from the new concern, of whose interior we are unfortunate enough to know nothing, although all its details have been described by others of our craft, more anxious to pick up collaterals than we are, or, which is more likely, less scrupulous in the manner of obtaining them. At Laura Keene's, too, where the delights (or agonies) of the season have been long drawn out, there is a stir and a movement which tells its own tale. At the stage door, actors, grave looking and quiet for a long while past, may be now found cheerful once more, and again voluble; hopeful, it might be said, of a better term than has been realised since the radiant lady went off to Pennsylvania. We might almost build upon some certainty at Niblo's, if what we have seen about there could be accepted as an unerring criterion—the calling of two well-known professional persons, who may, for aught we know to the contrary, be anxious to take the concern, if only for the representation of French melodrama done into English for the special occasion. Meanwhile, those of our lessees who have completed their arrangements are doubtless looking to their opening programmes, in which onerous occupation we will leave them, with the assurances of our favor and willingness to speak well of them when we can.

Alf. Cately, agent for Gen. Tom Thumb, left this city on the 10th inst. for Halifax, N. S., to reconnoitre thereaway, previous to the advance of the General and his forces. The first engagement will take place at Halifax.

W. S Andrews, comedian, late of Niblo's, holds the rank of a Lieutenant in "Hawkins' Zouaves," 9th regiment, N. Y. Volunteers, stationed at Newport News, Va.

"Gone at last!" This was our exclamation, on finding that the season at Laura Keene's had really come to a close on Saturday evening, the 10th inst., after a run of near eleven months, and a continuous representation of the "Sisters" for eight. It was the lessee's desire to go on without any break, so as to be enabled to say, after the example of Buckstone, of the London Haymarket, that her season had numbered so many hundred nights up to a particular occasion, and would still go on for so many hundred more, under the favor of the public Of this we are convinced; and we are only sorry that the "beggarly account of empty boxes" which has been the rule at Miss Keene's for the past few weeks, should have compelled the putting up of the shutters. Incidental to the notoward event, we hear that the company remaining at the establishment, organized a little affair, over which our friend Peters (who, as the Lady Laura expressed it in the piece so long represented on her boards is "loved by everybody") presided. It was a banquet of soul and body, sense and sentiment; and every guest almost had a say in it. There were congratulations for past successes, and anticipations for the future, which, shrouded in mystery as it necessarily is, suggested a due solemnity in the bearing of the company. Addresses, mingling mirth and pathos, were spoken, and when it came for Peters, as chairman, to break up the assemblage, after a general drinking to "our next merry meeting," the scene became too intense for description Many a bright eye tokened what was passing in the heart of its lady owner; many, too, were the eyes, comparatively unused to the melting mood, and the property of the sterner sex, that glistened. Poor Peters, whose face is an index of the susceptible mind he owns, fairly gave way at last and quitted his chair exactly five seconds before the proper time, that he might hide his feelings in the property room. From later accounts, however, we understand that he and his associates on the interesting occasion are in a fair way of recovery, and that Miss Keene herself will shortly be in town, to prepare the very "big thing" of which so much has been said, and the production of which at her place, is to cost so many thousands of dollars.

The present is the farewell week of the Florences at the Winter Garden. Their engagement, we hear, has been remunerative; while the benefit they gave in aid of the widows and orphans of the brave men of the 69th who fell at Bull's Run was a thorough success. Mr. and Mrs. Florence will soon sail for England, where they appeared some months ago.

At the New Bowery, the capture of Major Andre forms the subject of a national drama for the current week. It is named "John Paulding," after one of the three Americans who arrested the English officer, and is said to be replete with passages calculated to tell with special force in these warlike times. Mr C W. Clarke, a well known actor, has been engaged at this house for one week, and will make his bow to-night (Monday) as John Paulding. The afterpieces are "Woman's Love," and "Dodging for a Wife." If there is not variety here, where shall we seek it?

Among the Minstrel "institutions," Bryants' still holds on its way, and is a marked place for the lovers of true humor, wedded to the "concord of sweet sounds" During the past week, it has been liberally attended, and no doubt the same return will be made for the present, when the proper occasion offers. Meanwhile we promise ourselves a repetition of the treat we realised last week in the popular ballads and Tyrolean warblings of S. C. Campbell, and the multitude of genial comicalities presented by Peel, Gettings, Eph Horn, Dan Bryant and the rest of the clever folks here.

At the Broadway Music Hall, 483 and 485 Broadway, an unmistakably excellent olio of performances is up for the week; including all the good things that the clever performers engaged there are special in. In amount, these, (both the details of the entertainment and artists) are too numerous for even their enumeration here, where we must rest content in plumping them all together, and recording their a tractiveness The dancing of Madame Annita Galetti, at this place, is one of the most graceful exhibitions we ever witnessed, and is nightly received with deserved applause.

Of the doings at Canterbury Hall, we might almost repeat the preceding matter, so numerous is the company here, and so varied the entertainments. Novelties are produced in rapid succession, and the exclamation at the box office, after the example of Macbeth, is "Still they come"—not the soldiers, but the amusement seeking public.

We happened in at "444" just in time Saturday night to see that high old burlesque of the fight between the Stale Infant and Jem Mace, as taken off by Gardner and Arlington, principals, with Quinn and Turner, seconds. The first few rounds are caricatured finely, and there's a great demand for soup and sardine oil, but towards the end, they indulge in a fair and square shake up, each one on his best gait. Arlington seems quite at home, from the peppering Gardner got, for hardly any of the burnt cork was visible when it was over: Billy made a white man of him Miss Emma Winthrop, a vocalist and actress, supersedes the angelic Jenny Engel, much to our private grief. Emma is a short, well-formed, pretty brunette, and sings with sweetness, though lacking strength of voice. We should judge the lady to be more of the actress from appearance, and hope to see her introduced in some favorite piece. Miss Minnie Jackson is also a recent addition, and steps in Mlle Clara's shoes, figuratively speaking. The Naiad Queen, "Minnie," appears even more popular than Clara was Of this model lady, more anon. Hattie Engel, as plump as a partridge, is gradually getting famous, for we see she appears in single acts in addition to the ballet. Bravo, Hattie. "The Ragged Path" forms the afterpiece, and is diabolically amusing On Monday and through the week, "Great Bill" is overlined on the programme. Business here better than anywhere else. After the performance a grand assault is directed towards the "White House," 113 Grand street, of which Manager Charley White is the landed and tilted proprietor, and the way lunch is disposed of is a caution to sailors! Free lunch here from 11 till 1 o'clock, and the best stock of good things in the market. Go, too!

A monster musical festival is announced to come off on the 14th inst., at Jones' Woods, in aid of a fund for the widows and children of the members of the Seventy-ninth (Highland) regiment, who fell at Bull Run. Let the mere announcement insure an overflow. The prime mover in this affair is Mr. Robert Smith, popularly known among our amusement seeking public. He is making every effort to render the affair what it should be.

Of Barnum's this week, we are obliged to be very brief; the only features calling for a passing notice being Little Lola, the infant wonder; Miss Dora Dawron, the double voiced singer; and the "Child of Sorrow." Meanwhile we have to record the death of the two whales named in the Barnum performance of the past week The event was quite sudden, and through their not exactly perceiving the fun of their removal from the sea to the corner of Broadway and Ann street.

George Christy's Minstrels are yet at Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway—Charley Fox and Master Lem being among the prominent performers.

G. Chiarini arrived in this city from Havana on the 8th inst., per steamer Columbia He is in search of talent for his amphitheatre there, which, by the bye, by permission of the Captain General, is to be much improved, and a new roof in the best style of architecture is to be put on.

Dodworth's Band performed at the Central Park, on last Saturday, in the presence of several thousand persons, who seemed well pleased with the recreation. It is to be hoped that we shall have more of these out door concerts.

Mr Ullman will open the Academy of Music, on the 2d of September, with the performances of Professor Hermann, the wizard. At the termination of these, the "little great man" will have a regular season of opera, strengthened by two "stars"—Madames Medori and Charton, sopranos of good repute. During the season following the above, Madame Ristori, the Italian *tragedienne*, will visit us.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

The great attraction brought out by Frank Rivers' Melodeon Company, at the Howard, Boston, last week, was "The Daughter of the Danube," in which dramatic ballet, Miss Fowler and several other performers acquitted themselves meritoriously. For the current week, an adaptation from the "Seven Sisters" is up—to be acted with all the aids of new scenery, dresses, and appointments in general. In this piece, every person belonging to the company will have a part, while two additions to the same company are included in the cast—Mr. Thomas Hampton, comedian, and Miss Lizzie Emmons, who has been improving herself for the past two years in the South.

The new theatre, as everybody describes the place opened on the 5th inst., by Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge, in Boston, has been crowded as yet, and seems destined to be the scene of several "crushers" to come. There can be no doubt about either the place or the entertainment—the extreme of comfort characterising one, and the extreme of cleverness the other.

Professor Harrington will continue his soirees at the Boston Museum, throughout the week; the dramatic season, under the management of Mr Keach, commences on the 19th inst.

Lent's National Circus was in Calais, Me., on the 7th and 8th inst., and gave afternoon and evening performances. Among the company as at present organized, are Mlle Helois, Mlle Virginia, Miss Emma Stickney Mons Rochelle, Robt Stickney, Joe Pentland, S P. Stickney, Toos King, Wm. Ducrow, Charles Rivers, R Hernandez, H Forrest, S. Stickney, Jas. Kenshaw, Jas. Paulding, Adolph Gonsales, &c.

Belier's new company, which opened at Detroit, Mich, on the 12th inst is composed as follows, Ad. Weaver, Master Barney, Prof. Kirbye, Mrs. Kirbye, Master Kirbye, R Butler, A. Warren, and the Misses Amelia Wells, Louisa Evens, Emma Schell, and Bogart.

Wambold & Whitby's Circus and Menagerie, after a tour through Canada, is now on the way to the Lower Provinces.

Mr. L. Reese has been organizing a company for the fall and winter campaign, at Kennett Square, Pa. It consists of Jas. Harvey, balladist; Dan Reese, comedian; Harry Vincent, banjo; L Reese, comic Irish and Ethiopian comedian; Madame Jas. Harvey, comedienne; Miss Mary Vincent, vocalist; Miss Josephine Dougdale, danseuse; and Prof. Weelman, violinist. They gave a performance at the above place on the 6th inst.

J. M. Cooke has recently returned to Indianapolis, Ind., from the seat of war in Western Virginia, with the 6th Indiana Regiment, and looks like a bronzed hero.

Mr and Mrs J. W. Jennings commenced an engagement at Stickney Hall, Toledo, O, on the 31 inst. The pieces performed were the "Robber's Wife," and "Perfection, or the Cork Leg." In the company are also, Messrs. C J Heartwell, J Herbert, J. B. Turner, J. W. Dougherty, H McDonald, and Mrs. Pinckett.

The *debut* of the Nelson Sisters at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 5th inst., was attended with success. They were well received, and as they progressed, the audience repeatedly applauded them They appeared on the 6th in the drama of the "Foster Sisters," and the farce of the "Youth that never saw a Woman."

Mrs. Matt Peel was in town last week, in search of talent in the Ethiopian line. Ben Cotton joins the company in Chicago in the course of a few days, where they will locate for some time.

A correspondent thus discourses of things theatric in California:—"San Francisco, July 12 1861.—DEAR CLIPPER—Having arrived safe and sound in San Francisco, I thought I would give you some items about things in general. Upon my arrival in this city I found novelty the order of the day, and of a character which cannot fail to benefit the theatrical world. Of this you will be able to judge from the summary I forward. Maguire's Opera House has been doing, and is continuing to do, an immense business; they have been playing 'The Seven Sisters,' which has had such a long run at Laura Keene's, and as I witnessed this production in your city, I was more than curious to see the manner in which Manager Maguire had placed it upon the stage. To my great surprise, I found it was, if anything, on a par with the production at Laura Keene's It was placed by Mr. Maguire upon the stage at a great outlay, with entire new scenery, costumes, splendid changes, and with a good stage effect. The piece was removed from the stage to make room for the opening of the celebrated American comedian, Joseph Jefferson. He opened on Monday last in the character of Mazeppa to a 'crusher,' and thus far there has been no abatement of the flow of people to witness the performances of the noted J. J.....The New Metropolitan Theatre opened Monday, July 1st, to a most magnificent house. James Stark delivered the opening address. Miss Joey Gougenheim, opened in the 'Love Chase.' The house is beautiful, and worthy of the architects and builders. The company, with the exception of Mrs. Judah and Harry Curtain, are not, in my opinion, capable of giving to a 'star' the support required. The other members of the company are mostly selected from the different melodeons in this city. This theatre was intended and built for a first class melodeon, though opened as a theatre. Mr. McKean Buchanan arrived from Australia on the 4th inst., and appeared for one night only at the Metropolitan Theatre He has been absent in Australia, England, &c., since 1856 He is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Virginia, a young lady of much promise.....Mr. and Mrs. W C. Forbes are now playing in Sacramento.....Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne and troupe, under the management of Sherry Corbyn, were in the northern portion of the State at last accounts.....The Martinetti Troupe, under the direction of C. V. Hand, Esq., are yet travelling under canvas, and are doing a good business.....Dr. Bassett's United States Circus still continues to please the people in the interior.....Mr. Charles Wheatleigh, I understand, is picking up a company to travel the principal towns in the State.....The Melodeons are all doing a good paying business.....Madame Biscaccianti is still singing at the Belle Union, and Miss Marion Lee is leading actress at the same place.....At the New National we have the Ethiopian delineators, Coes, Murphey, Hussey, and Walter Bray, also the Chapman Family.....At the Music Hall, Prof. Bushell continues to hold converse with the spirits. His experiments in Mesmerism and Electro Biology are very interesting and instructive.....There is quite a rivalry here between the new theatre and Maguire's Opera House, but I think Mag. has the best of it, as he has a magnificent company, composed of all the best artists in the State. His theatre being the only one that has remained open for the last three years, it is only reasonable that he should select the best talent afloat. 'Stars' visiting this State would do well to think of this, and also, that Maguire has the control of all the theatres in the cities of Sacramento and Marysville The theatre in Marysville he purchased recently; also the one in Nevada I believe. As the mail is about to close I must bid you adieu.
Yours truly, E M."

At Denver City, Colorado Ter., the Apollo Theatre is open with the following company:—Messrs. Gooding, Hunter, Norman, Partello, Pardy, Mlle. Haydee, Miss Flora, and Mrs. McArthur; Leader of Orchestra, Buz Caven. Admission to Dress Circle, one dollar; for back seats, fifty cents Business is poor, as the "peoples" prefer to attend the Criterion Concert Hall, where the terms are more democratic, besides receiving refreshments at the hands of pretty waiter girls Gus Shaw is the manager of the Criterion.....On the 16th ult., Mlle. Carolista, tight rope walker and danseuse attached to the Criterion, after giving a performance on the rope, stretched between the two highest buildings in Denver City, was presented by the citizens with a purse containing $600 Subsequently the boys from the mines presented her with a sum of $170 75 in gold dust.

Mrs. Perrin made her last appearance at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on the 5th inst., as Julia, in "The Hunchback." Mr. Coulcock impersonating Master Walter. The remainder of the cast was as follows:—Master Modus, Mr. Myers; Lord Tinsel, Mr. Graver; Heartwell, Mr. Dillon; Thomas, Mr. Marble; Servant, Mr Dennison; Fathom, Mr. McVicker; Wilford, Mr Cline; Gaylove, Mr. Mordaunt; Stephen, Mr Uhl; Helen, Mrs. Myers. A grand dance by the Gale Sisters followed, and the performance concluded with the farce of "Samuel in Search of Himself."

At Deagle's Canterbury Music Hall, St. Louis, they are running the serious pantomime of "Don Juan," and "Jocko," with Tom Cony in the leading parts. Business so-so.

Mrs Barrow opened the Spring-garden Theatre at Halifax, N. S., on the 30th ult., for a short season. Miss Kate Reignolds is with the company.

Foster's Excelsior Minstrels and Conrad's Gymnasts gave a performance at Mount Vernon, Westchester Co., N. Y., one night last week.

Sam Cowell took passage on the Great Eastern, from Quebec, for England. Sam vowed that he would never return to the "blarsted country again." Well, vot of it?

J. W. Forbay, manager of Sands' circus, presented to the volunteer fund of St Paul, Min., the sum of $42 25, being the proceeds of an exhibition given at that place recently.

Fitzball, the English writer, who has furnished the stage with as many dramas and librettos for operas, as there are days in the year, has recently recovered from a severe indisposition, and deposited in the hands of a young composer of high promise, the words for a new musical piece. Fitz is a *ball* that still keeps rolling on. May it be long ere he stops.

Mrs. Stirling, who, it is alleged, recently suffered a severe loss from the robbery of her jewelry, was about to have a benefit at Cameron House, near London, on which occasion the pieces would be represented by a mixture of professionals and fashionable amateurs

On the 20th ult., in Guy's Hospital, London, died Andrew Seaman, better known as Sam Smith, the negro delineator, who has long been connected with the Sable Harmonists, who visited England at the time of the Great Exhibition in 1851, and every one of whom is now reposing in an English grave. Poor Sam had been ill for a time, partly owing to domestic troubles and partly to professional excitement, and waking up from insanity so caused, only four weeks prior to his death, he became ultimately the victim of consumption, at the comparatively early age of thirty-five.

Edwin James, the celebrated English lawyer, and formerly an actor connected with the Bath, Eng., Theatre, was recently deprived of the privilege of pleading in court, by a decision of the Benchers of the Inner Temple, the place where Mr. J. studied for his profession. It appears, however, that the gentleman intends to appeal to the Judges, against the decision of the Benchers, which resulted from a charge of conduct unbecoming a gentleman and a barrister, brought against the lawyer. This Mr. James has been a remarkably lucky man, having for a long period realised an annual income of £20 000, and a few weeks since taken unto himself a wife in the person of a widow well provided. It may perhaps be interesting to the theatrical readers of the CLIPPER to be informed that Mr. James only became a lawyer through a disappointment in his dramatic aspirations.

If a certain tourist to "outlandish parts" is to be believed, Blondin was cut-Blondined long before he was born, by a gentleman who was wont to ascend a rope four hundred feet high, on a horse, before the Doge of Venice and his associated authorities, and when midway, change his dress, and make a salaam to the right reverend signors. Perhaps some of the wonderful acrobats who have been detracting from friend B. will lay claim to this feat as especially their own.

Miss Bertha Scheller, a popular dancer, and sister to Maria Scheller, (Mrs. Methua) of New-York, met with a fatal accident at the theatre in Stralsund, Russia, a short time ago, through her dress catching fire. She was engaged at the moment in a *pas de deux*, with a Miss Rossi, who, it is alleged, was near sharing the same fate. In reporting this calamity, the *feuilleton t Figaro* delivers himself of this obscure sentence: "She (Miss Bertha) was twenty-one years of age, and was the youngest of four sisters, whose loss is irreparable." Whose loss, sir? Miss Bertha's, or the entire four sisters'?

The annexed acrostic (written by a Mr J J. Stainton) was spoken by Mr. Benjamin Webster, lessee of the London Adelphi, on the occasion of the recent Fancy Fair in aid of the funds of the Royal Dramatic College:—

"Respect the Player, and his needs regard,"
Or to such purport speaks the Immortal Bard;
Yet find we those who both deny respect,
And to their bigot scorn would add neglect,
Leaving to chance those on life's shallows wreck'd.

Dear friend, not thus shall your more liberal heart
Reward the Actor when he leaves his part,
And quits the Stage; his *role* there being ended,
Mayhap to die, in poverty, unfriended;
And shall we thus allow, in want to end,
Those who instruction with amusement blend;
Inspire with lofty thoughts and noble aims,
Conveyed in language that the soul inflames?

Can we thus selfish—thus unheeding prove?
Oh, no! Rouse Gratitude—wake Love,
Lend your sweet impulse to my feeble strain—
Let me—Oh, let me not plead in vain!
Entreaty cannot fail in such a suit,
Gratitude clamors, though my tongue be mute,
Etolim meminisse his, beatus fuit."

It is reported in well informed circles, that Madame Gulia Grisi, one of the finest lyric performers that ever appeared upon the stage, has left England for Italy, where she intends to pass the remainder of her days. The lady is the wife of the tenor, Mario, who is an Italian marquis by right of descent, and very rich.

We have received the subjoined, from which it will be inferred that matters in the amusement world are not very lively in the quarter whence our correspondent writes:—Cincinnati, Aug. 6, 1861.—DEAR CLIPPER—Affairs here are sadly out of joint. Business of all kinds is at a low ebb, and especially everything professional. The National was re-opened last week, under the management of the indefatigable Tim Woodruff; it was taken in decline after the first night, and after a lingering illness of six nights, died, lamented by numerous unsalaried attaches, on Saturday night, August 3d..... The Palace Garden has "run its slow course along" for two weeks past, chaperoned by Messrs. Palmer and Stevens, and when its patrons had fairly settled into the belief of a permanent management, lo! and behold, on Monday of the present week, out came the posters and small bills, announcing the immortal Tim Woodruff again as the commander-in-chief! Tim is one who never says *die*.....I am happy in being able to state that the opera entertainments of Mr. and Mrs. Kneass, at Pike's Opera House, have been recently better sustained than at first. They are really of a high order of merit, and at any other time than the present would command large audiences..... J. T. Boyce and S S Purdy (late of the Beler Campbells) left last evening for Columbus, to fulfill a temporary engagement in that city..... The *Enquirer* of Sunday contains a bogus notice (which I enclose) which may, uncontradicted, alarm the many friends of S. S Purdy. It states, as you will see, that he had so far "solaced himself for the wretched times" as to commit matrimony. I am happy in being able to state that this was a mere wagish perpetration. He is still his own master. Here is the article:—"GOING, GONE—S S Purdy, the life of the Campbell Minstrels, has solaced himself for the wretched times by "sharing his cottage" with a gentle being once yclept Susan M. Wade, now Mrs. S. S. Purdy. The silken knot was tied at Richmond by the Rev. Mr. Comstock. May their married life glide pleasantly as the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.....J. B. Murphy, E D Gooding, J Mans, and F S. Spring, of the Campbells, are still in this city, waiting for something to turn up. Yours, as ever, VERITAS.

Several theatres have recently been opened in different parts of British India, where plays have been both acted and written by the military, including officers and men. This is a gratifying example of the pen and sword in union.

Lady Don was reported to have been robbed of a box of valuable jewelry by an Australian desperado. But whether the case was a "true bill," or only intended as a sensation, did not appear.

In the city of Berlin, Prussia, there is a theatre of great excellence and simplicity in its interior construction—the leading novelties of which are, that all its work is done underneath in a magazine, the moving forward and backward of the wings, the raising and lowering of the drops, thus requiring no men in the flies. There is also a closed corridor on each side of the stage, from which all the dressing and other rooms diverge. The stage is fitted with lifts, thereby obviating the necessity of running up stairs. Set scenes are not used, but a sort of truck running on trams in the magazine, on to which they are fixed, which is worked like the wing ladders, by the counter weights underneath; to each wing there are three wing ladders on trucks, and one set scene truck, all running on trams underneath.

Farr's Minstrels are working their way east, we hear, with more success than could have been expected from the badness of the times They performed at Syracuse on the 9th ult., and are up for an appearance at Binghamton, this (Monday) evening.

Unsworth and Eugene had been engaged to open with the Rumsey and Newcombe Troupe, in Liverpool, on the 5th inst. According to arrangement, they would continue there for four weeks, after which they would proceed to Paris We hear that they had received an offer from the management of the Belfast Theatre, but had declined it.

Several of our contemporaries took it into their heads, last week, to kill Mr. Humphrey Bland, a well known and highly meritorious actor in several sections of the country, and remembered in New York, particularly, in connection with Burton's Chambers street Theatre. We are glad, however, to state that Mr Bland is not gone "down among the dead men," and that the statement that he had, originated with the confusion of his name with that of Mr. James Bland, an English actor and vocalist, and altogether, "another man."

A communicant thus disposes of matters in the place whence he sends to us: PROVIDENCE, Aug 9th, '61—FRANK QUEEN—Dear Sir: Having some leisure time while fitting up the *What Cheer Rooms*, and feeling a desire to give aid to the families of the noble volunteers of Rhode Island, I took it upon myself to get them up a benefit, there being a number of professionals here, whom I found ready and willing to come forward. The benefit was an immense success. The American Brass Band, however, disappointed us, and Mr. Sheppard's Band, (to their praise be it spoken) came to the rescue. We received word from the American Brass Band at 5 P. M. on Wednesday, that, being in Newport, they could not be present at the benefit, but would give their services for a first class concert, to be given for the same purpose. On receipt of this news, John N. Francis, Esq., one of the committee, and myself, saw the clerk of the Band, and he had them engaged and present at the Academy of Music, by ten minutes past eight. They were received with three times three, and enlivened the entertainment with beautiful music The performance passed off finely, giving perfect satisfaction. The Governor was present, and on his entrance to the theatre, was loudly cheered. Frank Hardenburgh volunteered, and gave us a fine specimen of his imitative powers His imitations of Forrest were loudly applauded. I wish to return thanks to all the ladies and gentlemen who volunteered on that occasion. The receipts were $486 25, every cent being given to the fund. The hall was given by G A Heward. The Gas Co gave the gas, the papers advertised free, and the editor and proprietor of the *Evening Press* gave not only the advertising, but the posters, programmes, and tickets; so there was not one cent taken out of the receipts. As that is all over now, I will try and give my time to business. E. L Tilton is in Newport, and C. E Bidwell is working in the printing office of the *Evening Press*. Mr. John Murray, a clever comedian, is working at painting and graining. Frank Hardenburgh leaves us next week, for the Boston Museum. John Taylor, for many years connected with the National Theatre, Boston, called on me this morning He was

came together somewhere in the neighborhod of La Crosse, and showed side by side all the way up to this place. It was "nip and tuck" between them. Dan's opening night was a $1,100 house (not so bad for the "Kangaroo Show?"); Sand's first appearance was almost as good. They "showed" within two hundred yards of each other. At this place they parted company. Dan goes down the river by boat, and Sands goes through Wisconsin by land. I heard Dan make one of his speeches, and I came to the conclusion he was a sort of a Union man. He has a rather stupid specimen of the Kangaroo species, which he informed us he called "Jef Davis;" and when the "hi, hi's" were over, he very coolly stated that when in the South he called him "Abe Lincoln." My opinion is he'll do to travel, and at a pinch he could "keep a hotel." Little Charley Sherwood, of Sands' circus, had the misfortune of falling from his horse and breaking a leg. Buck Gardner, formerly of De Haven's circus, left that establishment at this place, and joined Sands'. Tom Baker, late of Chicago, is with this show, in connection with Garry DeMott, as clown.....The Richings are still here. They gave a concert at Stillwater, eighteen miles from here, on the 29th, also an entertainment for the benefit of the Minnesota Hospital Fund for the 1st Regiment, now at the seat of war. On the 31st they went to Hastings, 30 miles down the river, and officiated at the opening of a new hall at that place—both the latter entertainments being gratuitous on their part. They remain here till the 19th of August, and then start for home (Philadelphia), giving entertainments at the different towns on their way.....I hear that the Kane Arctic Panorama is to be here for exhibition in a few days.....A troupe of Minstrels, under the management of Clarke (jig-dancer), and Brundage, has been formed here, and will start on the 6th on a tour through Wisconsin. More anon.

Amusements in Washington, D C, are not so flourishing as they were previous to the stringent rules of General McClellan in relation to the soldiery. Manager Band has presented, since his opening, a succession of musical farces and burlettas, in a most acceptable manner, Stuart Robson, the comedian, and Miss C Henri, sustaining the principal characters. They are at present playing the ballad operatta of the "Poor Soldier." On the 12th inst., "A Roland for an Oliver" was given, Mr. J Parker making his first appearance as the Jealous Fixture.....Odd Fellows Hall opened and shut on the 8th inst., under the management of Miss Alice Placide Mann. Company, Mr. J. W. Albaugh, Mrs. E Mann, Miss Josephine Parker, Mr. Joseph Parker, and Miss A P. Mann.

Alf. Burnett, the elocutionist and poet, was killed in battle, at Poca, Kanawha River, Va. He was connected with one of the Ohio regiments.

Van Amburgh's Menagerie left Canada on the 5th inst., and exhibited at Buffalo on the 6th and 7th inst. They will show at Rochester, N Y, on the 13th and 14th inst, and from thence will proceed to Auburn, N Y.

Prof. J. H Anderson, Jr., commences this—Monday—evening, "a week's work" at the Brooklyn Athenæum.

Frank Schaeffer, violinist, formerly with Frank Rivers, one of our three months volunteers, has returned from the wars, and seeks an engagement with his fiddle and his bow.

Mabie's Menagerie and Nathan's Circus combined, made their last stand in Canada, at Windsor on the 5th inst from whence they beat a retreat to Detroit, Mich., on the 6th; Wyandot, 7th; Fat Rock, 8th and 9th; and Toledo, O., on the 10th inst. Their imposing display and good performance elicited the admiration of the inhabitants of those places to such an extent as to redound materially to their reputation and profit. G. Woodruff still remains in Canada, from the effects of wounds. Golette, an Italian Musician, left the company, owing to that terrible disease, consumption, and returns to New York. The company presented him with $130 on his departure. The leave taking was painful, as he bid them adieu for the last time, he being a great favorite with his companions. Tommy Armstrong left the company at Detroit; also, Mrs. Rogers, the side show lady.

Sothern's "Angel of Midnight" was still on the boards at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, on the 9th inst. Sidney Smith, stage manager and low comedian, leaves for Europe on November 1st, we understand.

From Chicago, by favor of a correspondent, we have advices as late as the 9th inst., which we here append. He says:—"We have been completely flooded with amusements here for the past five or six weeks, and our people seem to be pretty well satisfied. The Christy party were well patronized, as was also Mrs Matt Peel's Campbells. This latter party (Mrs Matt Peel's) have been playing here to good houses for the past two or three weeks. They have now gone to play at Milwaukee, stopping on the route at Racine, Kenosha, and Sheboygan, Wis., and open in Milwaukee on Monday, August 12th, at the Academy of Music. Manager Huntley has secured the services of a number of the best artists. He has with him George Windship and J. W. Andrews, and they are cards and no mistake. They took well here, and in their various acts were loudly encored. The company now consists of J T Huntley, Geo. Windship, J W. Andraws, Jack Talbot, J V. Chaddock, Joe Gibbs, (late proprietor of the Melodeon, St. Louis,) Frank Beeler (cornet), Walsh, Price, and Brekhart (pianist). The company, when they played here, included those I have mentioned above, also George C. Howe, George Massett, and J. L. Stout. It is the best party we have had since Rumsey & Newcomb's were here. Chet Moore is their agent, and with him they need have no fear of being unsuccessful.....We have here now, Gardner's Panorama of the Missouri River, Pike's Peak, and Utah.....Antonio Brothers are announced here for the 15th, 16th, and 17th. James Melville, the celebrated bare back rider, is a great favorite here. Mrs. Melville, Mdlle. Jennette Eisler, Nat Austin, Jerry Worland, Bill Donnovan, &c., are all well known here, and will be a great attraction.....McVicker's theatre is still flourishing. This week is the last of the season, but I cannot well say the last of the season, for the theatre will remain closed only five days, when it will re-open with almost a new company. Mac has now kept the theatre open for fifty-four weeks, which speaks well for Chicago. This week has been devoted to benefits, and one in particular was that of Mr. John Dillon last night, on which occasion, notwithstanding the extreme sultriness and heat of the weather, the house was good. He comes now to your city to fulfil an engagement at Laura Keene's. Monday, Aug. 12th, is announced as a complimentary benefit to McVicker. The theatre will re-open on the 19th of Aug., with Southern in his new sensation play, the "Angel of Midnight," with entire new scenery, by Mr John W. Whytal. It will be gratifying to Mr. Whytal's friends to know that he has so far recovered as to have the full use of his hand again, injured some time since by the premature discharge of a revolver. Mr. Geo. Chaplain, light comedian, and Mrs. Hosmer, leading woman and servant, and other new faces will appear. Frank Monroe still holds his own at the "green room," and pours fourth his "dramatic thunder" as usual. ..... J. B. Gray, late proprietor of the Union Concert Hall has changed his quarters, and opened a large hall at Nos. 123, 125, and 127 Dearborn street, styling it the "Canterbury." The hall is 35 by 75, and the style of decoration, stage and scenery, is good. The company consists of Madame Eloise Fitch, Miss Jessie Lester, J. L. Stout, Old Da Crow, Johnny Mitchell, Charley Cotten, George Howe, George Massett, M A. Gillsinn, Master Eddie Fox, and T Lathrop Fitch. J. L. Stout, ballet master; Mr. A. Gillsin, musical director; and T. L. Fitch, stage manager. It is what Chicago has long wanted, viz., a first class concert hall, and will no doubt, under Bob's management, become one of our permanent institutions..... Mart Flavin, Irish comedian and comic singer, is here now, out of an engagement.....The Jupiter still flourishes as of old. The company remains "as you were." J. L. F.

The following budget of show and other news is from a correspondent, signing himself "Chips"—St Paul, August 31, 1861.

DEAR CLIPPER—The great city of the North-west has had a carnival of snows, concerts, operas, hops, &c., for the last two weeks; and I am glad to record that the management of each declared itself satisfied. De Haven & Co's Union Circus was the first on the list, and in two days and nights reaped quite a harvest. The troupe is an old fashioned one, 'tis true, still the programme is full, and well varied. The favor they met with must have been quite flattering to Mr. De Haven, who, when he last exhibited here, about a year ago, met with a serious accident, by the breaking down of his seats, and the injury sustained by a number of citizens. He was prosecuted for damages, and forced to pay several thousands of dollars. That nearly broke him. But his good character and perseverance got him on his feet again. He has a valuable adjunct in Oliver Bell, the equestrian manager, who, independently of his artistic efforts in the ring, posts each performer's act in the arena in the most acceptable manner. De Haven returned to St. Paul on the 25th ult., and gave a benefit for the Volunteer Hospital fund. The receipts amounted to quite a handsome sum, which Gov. Ramsey will devote to the noble object for which it was intended.....Peter Richings and his daughter Caroline have been doing the opera on alternate nights at the Athenæum with marked success.....Dan Rice's Great Show, and the R Sands American Circus were both in the city on the 29th, 30th and 31st of July. Rice got in the first day, and did an excellent business. The Sands party also did well. Dan's style of playing is original and instructive, whilst the refinement and originality that distinguish his entertainments at once command patronage. Rice was serenaded at his hotel, called out, and made as sensible a national speech as I ever listened to. I understand that he will visit the cities of the interior west; then visit Boston, New York and Philadelphia, preparatory to his commencing a winter Amphitheatrical campaign on a most extensive scale. .....Sands has been doing well. His agent is Lewis Jaco, Esq., one of the best of the thoroughly educated advertisers who are now travelling. There was no bitterness of feeling evinced between Rice and the Sands people, but all was urbanity and gentlemanly deportment; the parties acting in a manner calculated to convince the public that real showmen are persons of good breeding and polite behavior.....There will be a plethora of shows in and about Milwaukee and Chicago. Nathan, Robinson and Lake, Antonio Brothers, Dan Rice, and Sands will all meet in convocation. The frontiers will reap some dollars, and the bill editors will be quite lively.....Speaking of Editors, Dr. R. P. Jones, formerly of the Press of Philadelphia and New York, has been lying dangerously ill at the Winslow House in this city for the past three weeks. His disease was bilious intermittant fever of the most aggravated character: for several days his physician, Dr. Brisbane, almost despaired of his recovery. The worthy host, Mr. Long, was unremitting in his attentions, and finally the Doctor was enabled to reach La Crosse, where he is now recruiting with the showman's friend, Mr. Beach, of the Gardiner House.

SHOOTING AT PROVIDENCE, PA.—A shooting match is to take place there on the 25th inst., for a gold watch, valued at $100, $5 entrance fee; double guns, 19 yards rise, 1¼ oz shot; single guns 21 yards rise, 1¼ oz shot. The shooting head quarters will be at James Mahon's saloon, where parties who wish to enter will make application.

"BIG THING."—The crowd which daily embarks on the steamer Croton, Capt. Jas. A. Dumont, is, without doubt, the biggest thing in the way of excursions New York has seen this season. Try it, ye who are enrolled as members of the "Can't go to the country club." Bait, refreshments, etc., can be had on board.

BALL PLAY.

AN EXCITING CONTEST.

MUTUAL VS. GOTHAM.—The first contest between these New York clubs this season, took place on their grounds at Hoboken, on Wednesday, August 7th. Both parties came on the field in their strength, indeed, the Mutuals never entered a match with a better nine than they had on this occasion, E. Brown, late of the Putnam club, being a recent accession to their list of players. The game began at 3:30, A. B. Taylor going to the bat on the part of the Mutuals. He was quickly disposed of by T. Van Cott, on a fly catch, near 3d base. McMahon made his 1st base, being missed on the bound by Vanderwerken, near 2d base. Brown was the third striker, and reached his 1st base by a good grounder to right field; he ran to his 2d, and also made his 3d base in beautiful style, but there he was obliged to remain, as Hunt gave a chance to McKeever on the fly, and Harris was well taken on the bound, by Sweet, at centre field, McMahon being the only player to score a run. McKeever began play on the Gotham side, and by a good hit reached his 1st base, and got round to his 3d, and finally home, by the wild throwing of Brown. Cohen next made his first base by a miss on the bound by McMahon, at left field; Wadsworth followed suit, and was equally lucky, his ball being missed both on the fly and bound by A. B. Taylor, the miss reading Cohen home. Vanderwerken made his 1st base by good batting, and got to his 3d by a wild throw of Brown's to 2d base, and a miss of A B. Taylor, Wadsworth getting home by the hit. Van Cott was then missed on the fly by Hunt, it being something new for Hunt to miss anything, A. B. Taylor, however, was near him, and took the ball well on the bound. Turner made his first by good batting, and ran his bases well, and got home on Forsyth's good hit, Sweet having previously tipped out. Forsyth tried for his 2d, but a good throw of Brown's to 2d, and good play of Taylor at 1st base, put him out, thus ending the innings, the score standing 5 to 1. This was certainly not an auspicious beginning, and Gotham stock was getting above par, for the Mutuals were fielding badly and the play of the Gotham's was very good, McKeever's pitching being the best we have seen this season. The 2d innings was commenced by Stephens, who tipped out. H B Taylor then gave the crowd a specimen of his batting qualities in the form of a splendid hit to right field, which easily gave him a home run. This was the best bit of the match. Bogart, Mott, A B Taylor and McMahon followed in succession, the three former getting runs, and the latter going out on the bound, by Saunders, all batting well. Brown also made his 2d by a good hit to left field, and again reached his 3d base in "zoo zoo" style, but again had to stay there, as Hunt was prettily caught on a foul bound by Cohen, who was playing behind in tip-top style. Four runs was the result of the innings. Saunders began the 2d innings of the Gothams, and made his 1st base on a good grounder, McKeever sending him home, and reaching his 2d by good batting. Cohen was well taken on the bound by Mott at centre field, and Wadsworth tipped out. Vanderwerken then hit "a corker" to right field, which gave him a home run, and Van Cott, Turner and Sweet each made their bases, the two former getting runs, Turner's hit to right field giving him his 3d base. Van Cott and Sweet were both missed on the fly by H B Taylor and Mott. Forsyth was also missed on a foul bound by Brown, but was afterwards well caught by Stephens. This innings gave the Gothams another 5, the score being 10 to 5. One, two, three, was the order of the 3d innings of the Mutuals. Harris reached his 1st base from a miss on the bound by Vanderwerken, but was put out at 3d base by Van Cott from a fine throw of Cohen's, Stephens and H Taylor tipping out. The Gothams only added two runs to their score in their 3d innings, and that by the poor fielding of the Mutuals. The 4th innings of the Mutuals yielded them four runs, Bogart, A. B Taylor, McMahon, and Brown each getting runs by good batting, McMahon getting to his 3d base by a fine hit to left field. Hunt also reached his 1st base by a good hit, but carelessly allowed himself to be put out on the base afterwards by a good throw of Forsyth's to Wadsworth, who played admirably at 1st base throughout. The Gothams only scored one run in their 4th innings, Turner's splendid hit to right field being the means; it also gave him a home run. Hunt put out Van Cott prettily on the bound in this innings. The score now stood 13 for the Gothams and 9 for the Mutuals, the stock of the latter beginning to look up. Stephens began the 5th innings by going out on the first bound, and H. B Taylor reached his 1st base by good luck, Turner missing him on the fly, and Vanderwerken on the bound; but after this the Mutuals went in for their old style of batting. Bogart, Mott, A. B Taylor, McMahon, Brown, Hunt, and Harris all making runs by splendid hits to the out field; A. B. Taylor and McMahon were entitled to home runs in this innings the ball being stopped by outsiders. A B. Taylor made two runs in this innings, the last run by a fine hit to right field, it being the last, for Bogart and Mott were afterwards well put out at 1st base, the result being 10 runs, which gave the Mutuals the lead. The ball was changed in this innings, being knocked out of shape. The 5th, 6th, and 7th innings only yielded the Mutuals four runs, one of them being a home run, the result of a fine ground hit of McKeever's to centre field, which Mott let pass him. The 6th and 7th innings of the Mutuals added two runs to their score, the result at the close of the 7th being 21 to 17, the Mutuals being ahead. In the 8th innings, the Mutuals added 4 runs to their score, the innings being marked by a beautiful play of Van Cott's to Wadsworth at 1st base putting out Brown. In the 8th innings of the Gothams, Turner, Forsyth and McKeever batted well, but Sweet and Saunders reached their bases by miscatches on the part of Stephens and Brown, the latter having taken 2d base, where he properly belongs, for McMahon is very effective as catcher, and Brown is tip-top at 2d base. Van Cott was well put out at home base by McMahon in this innings, Matty O Brien, the umpire, in the excitement of the moment, asking judgment of himself, and then giving the player out, and fairly too. Indeed, Matty's decisions throughout were excellent, his thorough impartiality being proverbial. McKeever was put out at 3d base in capital style by McMahon and Bogart in this innings, which resulted in 4 runs being scored, which brought up the Gotham's score to 21. The last innings of the Mutuals did not increase their score, although their batting was good, but three good catches—two splendid ones on the fly by Sweet and Saunders—put an end to their career, their total score remaining at 25. The Gothams then went in to win the game, and the excitement was considerable. Harris was pitching slowly, and the first two strikers went out on the bound, whereupon McKeever smiled sweetly! Van Cott reached his 1st by a lucky hit, and by an over pitch of Harris made his 3d, getting home on Turner's fine hit to right field, Turner being previously missed on a fly tip by McMahon. He had reached his 3d, and Sweet had made his 1st, when Forsyth hit a good ball to left field, which Taylor just managed to hold on the bound, thus ending the game, the Mutuals winning by a score of 25 to 22. It was an exciting contest towards the close, and one creditable to the play of both parties, but especially to the majority of the Gothams. The Mutuals play the Atlantics next, we believe, and with the team they now have, the "champions" will have to look out that they don't play as they did at Newark or they will be deservedly whipped. The score was as appended:—

BATTING.

MUTUAL.	H.	L.	RUNS.	GOTHAM.	H.	L.	RUNS.
A Taylor, 2d b	2		4	McKeever, p	2		4
McMahon, 1f	3		4	Cohen, c	3		3
Brown, c	3		2	Wadsworth, 1st b	5		1
Hunt, s s	4		2	Vanderwerken, 2d b	4		2
Harris, p	3		3	Van Cott, 3d b	4		2
Stephens, 1st b	4		2	Turner, s s	1		4
H Taylor, r f	3		3	Sweet, c f	3		1
Bogart, 3d b	1		3	Forsyth, r f	3		2
Mott, c f	4		2	Saunders, 1 f	2		3
Total	25			Total	22		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Mutual	1	4	0	4	10	0	2	4	0	—25
Gotham	5	5	2	1	1	0	3	4	1	—22

FIELDING.

	Fly	B'nd	Base	Total		Fly	B'nd	Base	Total
A Taylor	0	3	2	5	McKeever	2	0	0	2
McMahon	0	1	1	2	Cohen	1	6	0	7
Brown	0	3	2	5	Wadsworth	1	1	7	9
Hunt	2	6	0	8	Vandrwerken	0	0	0	0
Harris	0	1	0	1	Van Cott	1	0	1	2
Stephens	0	2	1	3	Turner	1	0	0	1
H Taylor	0	0	0	0	Sweet	1	2	0	3
Bogart	0	1	1	2	Forsyth	0	0	0	0
Mott	0	1	0	1	Saunders	1	2	0	3
Total	2	18	7	27	Total	8	11	8	27

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul		Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul
A Taylor	1	0	1	0	0	0	McKeever	0	0	1	0	1	0
McMahon	2	1	0	0	0	0	Cohen	0	2	0	1	0	0
Brown	0	2	1	0	0	0	Wadsworth	0	2	0	1	0	2
Hunt	1	0	1	0	0	2	Vandrwerken	0	4	0	0	0	0
Harris	0	1	1	0	1	0	Van Cott	1	2	0	0	0	0
Stephens	0	0	1	0	0	3	Turner	0	0	0	1	0	0
H Taylor	0	0	0	0	0	3	Sweet	0	2	0	0	0	1
Bogart	0	0	1	0	0	0	Forsyth	0	2	0	1	0	0
Mott	0	1	2	0	0	1	Saunders	1	1	0	0	0	0
Total	5	4	8	0	1	9	Total	2	15	1	4	1	3

Passed balls on which bases were run—Cohen, 3; Brown, (three innings,) 2; McMahon, 3.

Home runs—H. Taylor, 1; Harris, 1; Vanderwerken, 1; Turner, 1; McKeever, 1.

Put out at home base—VanCott by McMahon.

Times left on third base—Brown, 2; Bogart, 1; Turner, 1; Sweet, 1; Forsyth, 1.

Time of game—three hours and 15 minutes.

Catches missed on the fly—McMahon, 2. Hunt, 1; Mott, 1; A. Taylor, 1; H. Taylor, 1; Stephens, 1; Turner, 3.

Catches missed on the bound—McMahon, 1; Brown, 2; Cohen, 1; Forsyth, 1; Vanderwerken, 4.

Umpire—Mr. M O Brien, of the Atlantic club.

Scorers—for the Mutual club, Mr. McConnell; for the Gotham club, Mr. Redding.

ATLANTIC, OF BROOKLYN, VS NEWARK, OF NEWARK.—The first of a series of home and home games between these clubs, took place on the grounds of the Newark club, on Monday, Aug. 5th, in the presence of the largest concourse of people ever collected at a ball match in Newark. The weather was oppressively warm, although a refreshing shower had passed over the city about an hour before the commencement of the game, but all it did was to lay the dust and make the ground good for play. The Newark club ground is beautifully located on a high piece of ground at the corner of High and Court streets, Newark; a fine view of the bay and the surrounding country being had from it. The arrangements for the match were excellent, "a clear field and no favor" being the order of the day. Previous to the time appointed for play, we noticed four of the first nine of the Excelsior present, tossing the ball round, their skilful movements eliciting the admiration of the spectators. When the Atlantics arrived on the ground, they were the observed of all observers," especially the juveniles, among whom a report gained ground that John C Heenan was among them, and some one pointed out Mr. A Babcock, of the Atlantic club, as the noted pugilistic champion, whereupon that modest volunteer had to seek shelter faster than he did at Bull Run, and that, they say, was done in 2:40 time. At 3:10 all the preliminaries having been arranged, the parties to the contest took their positions on the field, the Atlantics going to the bat. Smith was the first striker, and by a grounder to right field he easily made his first base; J Seinsoth followed suit with a similar ball to centre field, and he also secured his first base, Smith getting to his third. Oliver was next, and, by good luck only, he reached his first base, Smith getting home. F Seinsoth then hit a splendid ball to left field, which Conway failed to hold on the bound, and Seinsoth made a home run by it. He was previously missed on the bound by Burroughs, on a foul ball near third base, the only mis-play Burroughs made during the game, his fielding being excellent. Pearce followed with a fine hit to right field, which Garthwaite missed on the bound, Pearce getting to his third base by it, but there he remained, as Joe Oliver and Hawkeshurst tipped out on the fly, and P. O'Brien gave a chance for a bound catch to Ferrell, which closed the innings, the result being four runs. The Newarkers then took the bat, Conway being their first striker, and he reached his first base by a good hit to right field, Hawkeshurst being too far off to field the ball in time to first base. Coleman was then put out at first base, F Seinsoth fielding the ball to his brother at first; Mills reached his first base by a good hit to right field, but was put out at second base by F Seinsoth, the play being a double one, as Stout hit the ball to P. O'Brien at short field, he forwarded it to second, and Seinsoth to first, the latter cutting off Stout's career at first base; the result of the innings was one run, Conway having run in on a passed ball, before Mills struck. Four to one on even innings was now the state of the game, and many present supposed that that would be about the ratio at its close. But the Newark nine played well up to the mark, and by good play during the remainder of the game, kept the score of their opponents within decent bounds. In the second innings the Atlantics were only allowed one run, their opponents getting two, and in their third innings they were only enabled to get three to the Newarks 4, the score standing 7 to 8, the Atlantics having the lead. This was something not on the card, and the "champions," in their fourth innings, added four runs to their score, and in their sixth and seventh, nine more; their adversaries, in the meantime, being put out for nothing four innings in succession. After this the Atlantics eased off in their play, and allowed the Newarkers to add four runs to their score, which made a total of eleven—they having made all of their scores at the close of the seventh innings—their last two innings having yielded them nothing. The game therefore ended with a score of 21 for the Atlantics, to 11 on the part of the Newarkers. The time of the game was under three hours. We must confess that we have never seen the Atlantics play to less advantage than on this occasion; in fact, they lacked all their usual energy, and played with far less care than they generally do on their practice days. The Newark nine played well, especially Stout, Osborne, Mills, Burroughs, and Dusenberry; and Hornisch, who took Dusenberry's place in the 4th innings—the latter retiring on account of sickness—played very creditably indeed. But we have no doubt but that they would all have shown better play had the Atlantics played with their usual spirit; as it was, they had a bad example before them, and it affected their play. The decisions of the umpire, Mr. A Brainard, were excellent, and he had several close points to decide. At the close of the game the Atlantics were hospitably entertained by the Newarkers, and until the time of their departure, fun and frolic held sway, much to the pleasure of all parties. We subjoin the score:—

BATTING.

ATLANTIC.	H	L.	RUNS.	NEWARK.	H.	L	RUNS
Smith, 3d base	3		3	Conway, 1 f	3		2
J Seinsoth, 1st b	3		2	Coleman, c f	4		1
Oliver, p	4		2	Mills, s s	3		2
F Seinsoth, 2d b	4		2	Stout, p	5		0
Pearce, c	4		1	Osborne, c	2		2
Joe Oliver, l f	4		2	Dusenberry, 1st b	2		3
Hawkeshurst, r f	1		3	Burroughs, 3d b	3		0
P O Brien, s s	4		1	Garthwaite, r f	3		1
G Seinsoth, c f	3		2	Terrell, 2d b	2		0
Total	21			Total	11		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Atlantic	4	1	3	4	0	7	2	0	0	—21
Newark	1	2	4	0	0	0	0	1	3	—11

FIELDING.

	Fly	B'nd	Base	Total		Fly	B'nd	Base	Total
Smith	2	1	2	5	Conway	0	0	0	0
J Seinsoth	1	0	5	6	Coleman	1	2	0	3
Oliver	1	0	0	1	Mills	0	0	1	1
F Seinsoth	0	0	2	2	Stout	0	0	0	0
Pearce	0	7	0	7	Osborne	3	4	1	8
Joe Oliver	0	0	0	0	Dusenberry	1	2	4	7
Hawkeshurst	0	2	0	2	Burroughs	0	1	0	1
P O'Brien	2	0	0	2	Garthwaite	0	1	0	1
J Seinsoth	0	1	0	1	Terrell	1	3	0	4
Total	6	11	9	26	Total	6	13	6	25

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul		Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Smith	1	2	0	0	0	0	Conway	0	1	0	1	0	1
J Seinsoth	1	2	0	0	0	0	Coleman	1	0	1	0	1	1
Oliver	0	2	1	0	0	1	Mills	0	0	0	2	0	1
F Seinsoth	0	1	1	0	0	1	Stout	0	1	2	0	0	2
Pearce	6	0	0	1	0	0	Osborne	1	0	0	1	0	0
Joe Oliver	0	1	0	0	0	3	Dusenberry	1	0	1	0	0	0
Hawkeshurst	0	0	0	0	0	1	Burroughs	2	0	0	0	0	1
P O Brien	0	1	1	0	0	1	Garthwaite	1	1	0	0	0	1
G Seinsoth	1	0	1	0	0	0	Terrell	0	1	0	0	0	0
Total	3	9	4	1	0	7	Total	6	4	4	4	1	7

Passed balls on which bases were run—Osborne, 3; Pearce, 7.

Home runs—Osborne, 1; Garthwaite, 1; F. Seinsoth, 1; P. O'Brien, 1

Struck out—P. O'Brien, 1; G Seinsoth, 1; Terrell, 1.

Put out at home base—F Seinsoth by Osborne.

Catches missed on the fly—Coleman, 2; Mills, 1; F. Seinsoth, 1; P. O Brien, 1.

Catches missed on the bound—Conway, 1; Garthwaite, 1; Pearce, 1; Joe Oliver, 1; F Seinsoth, 1; Hawkeshurst, 1.

Time of the game—two hours and fifty minutes.

Umpire—Mr. A. Brainard, of the Excelsior club.

Scorers—for the Atlantic club, Mr. G. W Moore; for the Newark club, Mr. A. S Taylor.

BASE BALL IN CANADA.—A well contested game of base ball was played between the first nines of the Maple Leaf and Burlington clubs, of Hamilton, C. W., on the grounds of the latter, on Tuesday, 30th July, in the presence of between eight and nine hundred spectators. The play, on the part of Messrs. Shuttleworth, Waugh, McCann, Waddell and Secord, of the Maple Leaf, was very good, as was that of Messrs Ellsworth, Mason, Ecclestone and Muir, of the Burlingtonians. The following is the score:—

BATTING.

MAPLE LEAF.	H	L.	RUNS.	BURLINGTON.	H	L	RUNS.
Waugh, 1st b	2		6	Van Norman, c f	5		2
Shuttleworth, c	3		4	Ellsworth, l f	1		4
Manning, c f	2		4	Muir, c	3		2
Secord, s s	3		3	Mason, p	5		2
McCann, p	4		3	McCorguodale, s s	2		4
Pryke, l f	4		3	Ecclestone, r f	3		4
Barry, 3d b	3		3	Maxwell, 1st b	3		3
McCoombs, r f	3		3	Bogart, 3d b	3		3
Waddell, 2d b	3		4	McCraney, 2d b	2		3
Total	33			Total	27		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Maple Leaf	5	4	2	0	0	0	6	7	9—33
Burlington	1	7	2	1	6	3	1	5	1—27

FIELDING.

	Fly	B'd	Base	Total		Fly	B'd	Base	Total
Waugh	0	0	4	4	Van Norman	0	0	0	0
Shuttleworth	2	5	0	7	Ellsworth	2	1	0	3
Manning	1	2	0	3	Muir	0	4	0	4
Secord	5	0	0	5	Mason	1	3	0	4
McCann	1	0	0	1	McCorguodale	0	0	0	0
Pryke	0	0	0	0	Ecclestone	0	0	4	4
Barry	0	0	0	0	Maxwell	0	0	2	2
McCoombs	1	1	0	2	Bogart	1	2	1	4
Waddell	2	1	1	4	McCraney	0	0	4	4
Total	12	9	5	26	Total	4	10	11	25

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul		Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Waugh	0	0	1	0	0	1	Van Norman	2	0	2	1	0	0
Shuttleworth	0	1	0	0	0	2	Ellsworth	1	0	0	0	0	0
Manning	0	0	1	1	0	0	Muir	0	1	1	0	0	1
Secord	1	0	1	0	0	0	Mason	2	1	0	0	0	2
McCann	1	0	1	1	0	1	McCorguodale	1	0	0	0	0	1
Pryke	1	1	0	1	0	1	Ecclestone	1	0	0	0	0	2
Barry	1	0	0	0	0	1	Maxwell	1	2	0	0	0	0
McCoombs	0	2	1	0	0	0	Bogart	1	0	1	0	0	1
Waddell	0	0	1	1	1	0	McCraney	1	0	0	0	0	1
Total	4	4	6	4	1	6	Total	10	4	4	1	0	8

Umpire—J M. Young, of the Provincial cricket club.

Scorers—for Maple Leaf, J G Lavin; for the Burlington, J. C. Davis.

ELLSWORTH CLUB.—A new junior base ball club has been organized in Brooklyn, called the Ellsworth club. Its officers are: President, J Wertsburgh; Vice President, W Grittons; Secretary, A G Ford; Treasurer, T Resengest. This is the second club, under this name, that has been organized.

THE HARLEM BASE BALL CLUB has engagements with the following clubs: Eckford, of Brooklyn; Eureka, of Newark; and the Henry Eckford, of New York. They are also ready with a full force for engagements with other first class base ball clubs.

BASE BALL AT UTICA, N. Y.—The Whitesboro and Central City base ball clubs played a friendly game at Utica, on the 1st inst. Result: Whitesboro scored 53; Central City, 17. La Mott Thompson acted as Umpire. The Utica club acknowledge the courtesy with which they were treated by the Whitesboro club. The score:—

BATTING.

WHITESBORO.	H.	L.	RUNS.	CENTRAL CITY.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Williamson, 3d b	1		8	Nutter, p	3		1
Woodard, c	3		6	Rodgers, c	4		2
Wetmore, s s	6		3	Candied ss	5		1
Hall, 1 f	1		7	Millar, 1st b	2		4
Stillman, 2d b	4		3	Burtiss, 2d b	2		2
Symonds, c f	3		5	Smith, 3d b	2		3
Dyer, 1st b	0		8	Wendall, 1 f

ELEPHANT HUNTING AND SNARING.

Th Ceylonese elephants are those most highly esteemed in India, and the mode of snaring them is peculiarly entertaining and curious. On one occasion a hunt took place near the elephant snare at Kotaway, only a few miles distant from Tengalle. The governor and his suite attended on this occasion, and the whole of the party employed was not fewer than three thousand persons The whole of this multitude surrounded the forest in which elephants were discovered to abound, with a chain of fires placed on movable stands, so as to be brought closer, according as the elephants are driven nearer to the centre. The distance between the fires may at first have been an hundred paces, which is gradually reduced to about ten paces. The more the elephants are confined, the more vigilant the hunters must become, and prepared to repel their efforts to escape, by advancing the fires and by loud shouting. At the end of two months, they thus become enclosed in a circle, of which the wide entrance of the snare forms a part, and are at last brought so near to it, that by the exertions of the surrounding multitude, they can be made close prisoners in a few hours. It is now that all those who are desirous of witnessing the capture, resort to the scene of action.

An idea of the enclosure may be formed by drawing, on a piece of paper, the outline of a wide funnel. A little way within the wide end, a palisade runs across, in breadth six hundred feet, containing four open gates, which the elephants enter. A view of two of these is commanded from a bungaloe, erected for spectators on pillars thirty feet from the ground. The enclosure is formed of the strongest trees on the island, from eight to ten inches in diameter, bending inwards, sunk four feet into the ground, and from sixteen to twenty feet high above it. They are placed at the distance of sixteen inches from each other, and crossed by four rows of powerful beams, bound fast to them by pliant canes. To this palisade are added supporters more inclined, several feet asunder, augmenting the strength of the fence. The part of it in which the elephants are first enclosed, is eighteen hundred feet in circumference, but it communicates with a smaller fold, one hundred feet in length, and forty broad, through which a rivulet passes, five feet in depth, and nearly fills the enclosure. The elephants enter this place of confinement at only one gate, and beyond the water the fence gradually contracts, terminating in a strong passage, five feet broad and one hundred feet long. All things being ready for driving the elephants into the snare, the governor and his party repaired to the ground about seven o'clock in the evening, ascended the elevated bungaloe by a long ladder, and waited several dark and tedious hours; but the termination of the chase amply repaid their patience. It was necessary that silence, as well as darkness, should reign amongst us; and, in a situation where our eyes and ears were otherwise so attentively engaged, conversation would be particularly irksome. The shouting of the hunters was incessant, muskets and rockets joined in the chorus, and the wild roaring of the elephants was heard at intervals more distinctly warning us of their approach. At length the forest crashed, and the enormous herd pushed forward with fury, levelling instantaneously every tree which opposed their passage. The following up of the people with the lights and fireworks was truly grand. Every man waved in his hand a blazing torch, formed of a bundle of reeds, the feeble but effectual means of defence against a tremendous foe. The trees were nobly illuminated, and, towering aloft amidst the surrounding darkness, spread their glittering foliage in the air. When the first enclosure is completely stocked, the four gates are closed, and secured with strong stakes. Then another chain of fire and torches is formed within the enclosure, and the persecuted animals are driven forward in like manner into the smaller fold. The line of flame once more began its terrifying movement. The people resumed their tumultuous noise, mingled with the din of trumpets, drums, and arms. The affrighted herd, again annoyed with impending horrors, renewed their tremendous flight; and rushing like an agitated torrent into the water snare, experienced still greater sorrows As soon as seventy elephants had found their way into this place, it being sufficiently crammed, the cords were cut, and the barricading gate dropped down. The greater part of those which had entered were so closely wedged together, that many of them were motionless; and even the foremost, which were less confined, saw only a fallacious opening to lead them from this doleful labyrinth. Upwards of one hundred of the captured herd cut off from their companions, were left for a time to range at greater liberty in the larger prison All this took place during the night. So great a number of enormous animals crowded into so small a compass, is a spectacle rarely to be seen. Pressing heavily upon one another, incapable of almost any movement but convulsions of distress, their paroxysms of anguish could not be contemplated without emotion. No person could find language to express his feelings. All were struck dumb with a species of astonishment hitherto unexperienced. The most hazardous part of the business remains, that of seizing on the elephants at the end of the long passage, which is the only outlet from the water snare. They are driven in one by one, making furious efforts to regain their liberty on finding themselves prisoners When they reach the gate at the end, strong beams are inserted across the passage behind, to prevent them from retreating. Men then approach, and bind their hind legs with great ropes, and five or six turns of smaller cordage are passed round their necks. While these operations are going on, a man stands before the gate of the passage, tickling the elephant's trunk, and diverting his attention. In this manner they are secured, yet accidents frequently happen at this time. On the present occasion one unfortunate man tumbled into the passage, and was instantly trampled to death under the feet of an enraged elephant. They frequently press against one another in the water snare, and in the passage, with so much violence that some are squeezed to death, or drop down dead with fatigue. When the wild elephant is completely harnessed, two tame elephants, trained to the business, are brought to the gate, and placed one on each side of it. These immediately survey the prisoner whom they have to conduct, feel his mouth to know whether he has tusks or not, and lay hold of his proboscis, to ascertain what degree of resistance he is likely to make. Ropes are passed through the collar of the wild elephant, and made fast to similar collars on each side of the tame ones. The bars of the gate are then unloosed, and drawn out; and the wild captive darts forward directly between the two tame elephants; he can, however, only advance a little way, as the ropes securing his hind legs still continue fastened to the strong stakes of the toil. In this situation he remains until the riders, mounted on the tame elephants, have drawn tight the cords which bind him to the necks of his half-reasoning conductors. During this operation he endeavors to undo with his trunk some of the knots which have been made, and often attempts to give a destructive blow to the diminutive creatures so actively engaged in confirming his captivity. But the two tame animals, who are vigilantly observant of all his motions, never fail to prevent him from doing any mischief, by gently lowering his proboscis with their own; if he continues long refractory, they batter him with their heads, and at last produce the most obsequious submission. The nooses of the rope are then opened, leaving his hind legs at freedom, and himself entirely disengaged from the snare. The two tame elephants press close on each side of him, and proceed, in pompous procession, to the garden of stalls, where they deliver up their charge to experience another species of hardship The marching off of this venerable trio is a sight truly magnificent, and exhibits a noble specimen of the skill of man, united with the sagacity of the elephant. In this manner the prisoner is conducted to a grove, where, if he is of an ordinary size, he is sufficiently secured by being placed lengthways between two trees, to one of which his hind legs are bound, and one of his fore legs to the other. A more complicated apparatus of ropes and stakes is necessary for those which are remarkable for strength and fury. The tame conductors then move away to secure another captive. An elephant may frequently be tamed in eight or ten days, though in other instances months are required. When tamed, they are marched round to Jaffnapatam, there sold at public auction, and thence exported to the opposite continent.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

An American hunter, named Colter, came to St. Louis, in 1910, in a small canoe, from the head of the waters of the Missouri, a distance of 3000 miles, which he traversed in thirty days. It seems, that after he had separated from Lewis and Clarke's party, on the arrival of him and his friend on the head-waters of the Missouri, Colter, observing abundance of beaver there, got permission to remain and hunt some time in company with a man named Dixon, who had traversed the immense track of country from St. Louis to the head-waters of the Missouri alone. Soon after he separated from Dixon, and trapped with a hunter by the name of Potts; and aware of the hostility of the black-feet Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night and took them early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. Early one day whilst examining their traps in a creek, about six miles from Jefferson's Fork, and ascending in a canoe, they suddenly heard a great noise resembling the tramping of animals, but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter, thinking it was the Indians, advised an immediate retreat. Potts, accusing him of cowardice, insisted the noise was made by buffaloes; though in a few minutes their doubts were removed by the appearance of the Indians on both sides of the creek to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come on shore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe to the shore, when, at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, a remarkably strong man immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and on receiving it, pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was discharged at him, and he cried out, "Colter, I am wounded." Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come on shore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at an Indian, and shot him dead. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear an act of madness, but had he been taken alive, according to the Indian custom, he would have been tortured to death. He, however, was instantly pierced with arrows, or, to use the language of Colter, "was made a riddle of." They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult how he should be put to death. They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at; but the chief interfered, and seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast; but he cunningly replied, he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift. The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and led Colter out on the prairie, three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him save himself if he could. At that instant the horrid war-whoop sounded in his ears; but he ran with a speed at which he himself was surprised. Proceeding towards Jefferson's Fork, he had to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he every instant trod with his naked feet. Looking back when he was about half way across this plain, he perceived the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before the rest, and not more than 100 yards from him. A faint gleam of hope now began to cheer the heart of Colter, and he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and almost covered the forepart of his body. Having arrived within a mile of the river, he distinctly heard the sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw his savage enemy not 20 yards from him; determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised, perhaps, at his bloody appearance but exhausted with running, fell, whilst endeavoring to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground and broke in his hand. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight. The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till the others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Colter, improving every moment of his time, though fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of some cotton wood trees on the borders of the Fork, through which he ran, and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him, a little below was an island, against the upper point of which a raft of drift timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and after several efforts got his head above the water, amongst the trunks of the trees covered over with smaller wood, to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself, when the Indians arrived on the river, and who, coming upon the raft, were frequently seen by Colter during the day, through the chinks. Thinking after all that they might attempt to set the raft on fire, he remained in horrible suspense till night, when hearing no more of the Indians, he dived from under the raft, and swam silently down the river to a considerable distance, when he landed and travelled all night. Though he had thus far escaped, he was completely naked, under a burning sun, the soles of his feet entirely filled with the thorns of the prickly pear, and though hungry, he had no means of killing the game he saw around him. He was, besides, at least seven days' journey from Lisa's Fort, on the Big-horn branch of the Roche Jaune River, circumstances under which any person but an American hunter would have despaired. He, however, arrived at the fort in seven days, having subsisted on a root much esteemed, now known to naturalists as the *psoralea esculenta*

A SOFTER PLACE.—"I was down to see the widow, yesterday," said Tim's uncle, "and she gave me dinner. I went down rather early in the morning; we talked, and laughed, and chatted, and run on, she going out and in occasionally, till dinner was ready, when she helped me graciously to pigeon pie. Now, I thought that, Tim, rather favorable. I took it as a symptom of personal approbation, because everybody knows I love pigeon pie, and I flattered myself she had cooked it on purpose for me. So I grew very particularly cheerful, and thought I could see it in her, too. So after dinner, while sitting close beside the widow, I fancied we both felt rather comfortable like--I know I did. I felt I had fallen over head and ears in love with her and I imagined from the way she looked she had fallen in love with me. She appeared just for all the world as if she thought it was coming--that I was going to court her. Presently--I couldn't help it—I laid my hand softly on her beautiful shoulder, and I remarked, when I had placed it there, in my blandest tones, Tim, for I tried to throw my whole soul into the expression—I remarked then, with my eyes pouring love, truth, and fidelity right into hers—

"'Widow, this is the nicest, softest place I ever had my hand on in all my life.'

"Looking benevolently at me, and at the same time flushing up a little, she said, in a melting and winning tone—

"'Doctor, give me your hand, and I'll put it on a much softer place.'

"In a moment, in rapture, I consented, and she gently—very gently, Tim—and quietly laid it on my head, and burst into a loud laugh that's ringing in my ears yet.

Now, Tim, I haven't told this to a living soul but you, and, by jinks! you musn't; but I could not hold in any longer, so I tell you; but mind, it musn't go any further.

THE SHAM GHOST.

MONSIEUR CAPRICON, a native of Montpelier, had confined his whole life to the study of astrology; an art which being little calculated to lead to wealth, this great foreteller of other people's fortune possessed but a very trifling one himself. All his riches were comprised in a cottage at Vitra, and five hundred livres per annum, with which he supported himself, a daughter (a lovely girl about one and twenty,) and Gertrude, an old female domestic.

He had, with great exactness, drawn the figure of his child, cast her nativity, formed a diagram of the astrological houses, contemplated narrowly the configuration of the planets at the hour of her birth, and verified them in so many ways, that, having brought them to mathematical precision, he announced publicly that she was born to possess great riches. Presuming on this, he had refused the offers of numberless lovers, whose figures did not promise what he expected. At length, one who had fallen in love with Miss Adeline, was so fortunate as to choose by chance (for he did not by his own wisdom) an hour that every way tallied with the astrologer's imagination.

Mr. Buffonet (his name) was as madly attached to Helicon as Mr. Capricon was to the Zodiac. In a word, he was a poet, and a greater fool, by several grains, than the astrologer; but to compensate for this, he was richer by many pounds. Having the father's consent, he commenced his attack the following day with two madrigals, an acrostic, six stanzas, a poetical epistle, twelve epigrams, and a legitimate sonnet—the forerunners of a solemn declaration of his love.

Adeline was very far from approving of our bard. She had previously fixed her affections on a neighboring youth called La Grange, and often, by the connivance of Gertrude, privately enjoyed his company.

Old Capricon, however, infatuated with the poet's horoscope, insisted seriously on her resolving to marry him. The fiat was no sooner known, than a council of the three opponents was called; and, after much debate, Gertrude fixed on this strategem:—Adeline was to feign the fool, La Grange to raise a report of his death, and the rest was to be left to her.

Having made this determination, the next day La Grange fell ill, and begged to see the astrologer. He visited him; and the other, affecting an implicit faith in his art, requested him to exercise it without flattery. Mr. Capricon drew a variety of figures, and presently, with a gloomy countenance, pronounced him a dead man in six hours.

La Grange followed his prophecy with the greatest fidelity, and at the exact hour predicted, gave up the ghost. A friend at whose house he was concealed filled the coffin with rubbish, and had it regularly buried. Old Capricon, exulting in his science, attended the funeral.

Adeline, the instant she heard of the death of La Grange, began to perform her part. A number of diagrams, figures, &c., which had cost her father many hours of lost time, she tore to pieces in his presence, and this perfectly convinced him of her derangement. When the poet paid her a visit, she smartly exercised a cane on his back, which led him to make a similar conclusion, and to decline the honor of an alliance with the Capricon family. The astrologer, however, had bound him to forfeit 500 crowns if he should refuse his daughter. This he demanded. The poet pleaded her madness as an excuse, and demanded time to endeavor to get her cured; protesting that he would rather lose his whole fortune, than take her in her present state, with the disposition she had manifested towards him.

Next day, Mr. Buffonet brought a physician to see Miss Adeline. The patient was at that time lolling in an arm chair, pretending to be in a lethargic convulsion, and holding a thick stick negligently in her hand. The doctor felt her pulse, and, after a great deal of technical nonsense, affirmed that he had no hesitation in declaring that the patient was *non compos mentis;* in English—mad.

"Mad!—I mad!" cried Adeline, starting up and laying about her to the right and left, on the shoulders of the physician and poet, with so much alertness, that each had received a dozen smart strokes before the father perceived what she was about; and when he offered to interpose, Gertrude prevented him, fearing as she said, that he should be beaten by his daughter.

The catastrophe of this scene made the poet resolve, once for all, to beat a retreat. He declared he would sooner marry Tisiphone than such a woman. Saying this, he made his final exit.

Gertrude now thought the time was come to put the finishing touch to her scheme; she therefore took an opportunity of talking to Capricon; and after telling him that he had in some measure by his prediction, been the death of La Grange, and the cause of his daughter's derangement, she said:

"But the evil does not end here, for to fill up the measure of our misfortunes, for the last five days La Grange's ghost has every night appeared in Miss Adeline's bedchamber, and—oh! if you could see how in the transports of her madness, she embraces and hugs her poor ghost, you could not but regret your not having consented to their union."

"Eh!—what!" cried old Capricon, starting, "his ghost appear to my daughter? Well then, I must see it. Oh, I have a thousand questions to ask it about the stars!"

"Well, well," said Gertrude, "so you shall. And that it may not do you a mischief on account of its death, I will read a prayer I have against sprits, and then you'll have nothing to fear."

Everything thus arranged, Adeline went to bed at her usual hour, leaving her candle burning on the table. The ghost was concealed in a contiguous room, wrapped up in a sheet, and the astrologer, with old Gertrude, stood sentry in the closet.

In a few minutes the ghost with a violent rumbling, issued from its hiding place, and opening the bed curtains, in a hollow tone called three times—"Adeline—Adeline—Adeline!"

I shall not attempt to describe the terror and palpitation of old Capricon. He could barely utter, "Say—say the prayer!—say it, dear Gertrude—say it—quick."

Gertrude mumbled over some words, when Adeline jumped out of bed, and threw her arms around La Grange's neck, said innumerable tender things to him, and at last invited him to partake of her bed. But the ghost assumed a graver air, and ejaculated with a voice that seemed to come from the sepulchre:

"Oh!—touch me not! Thy father has been the death of me—but he shall be punished, unless he consents to my marrying thee, by which means my soul will have permission to reanimate my body. Thus, and thus alone, can he repair the wrong he has done me, terminate the torments I am obliged to inflict on thee, and prevent those I have in store for him."

Old Capricon's curiosity about the stars was at an end—a fountain of perspiration poured from his quivering limbs. Pressing close to Gertrude he muttered—"What shall I do?—what shall I do? Say over your prayer—quick!—quick!—or it's all over with me! Why don't you speak?—what shall I do?"

"A pretty question," she replied. "Step out, to be sure, and tell him that you consent to his marriage, that's all he wants."

"Consent!—aye, that I will, with all my soul," said he; "but as to stepping out, I'd rather not. You go. Go, and say what you please."

Gertrude obeyed, and was ordered to bring Mr. Capricon himself. She now drew the astrologer from his hole more dead than alive. He threw himself on his knees before La Grange, and, without daring to look in his face, promised to agree to whatever he desired.

"I will not take thy word," said he, "Gertrude, here, in my bosom thou wilt find a paper; draw it forth, and let him sign it. I employed one of the greatest lawyers that ever breathed, to make it fast and binding. Sign!"

The contract being signed, Lagrange said—"A part of what is to be done, is done! but I shall not revive until thou hast unburthened me of the winding sheet, and my corpse, even with thine own hands, laid in thy daughter's bed; and when I shall resuscitate, we will perform the rest of the ceremony."

Capricon and Gertrude directly set about undressing this living corpse, and quickly placed it in the bed by the side of its dear Adeline. La Grange was no sooner there than heaving a deep sigh he exclaimed:—

"*Ah!* Heaven be praised, I revive! Adieu! Good night, Mr. Capricon!"

COULDN'T SEE IT.—When the order came from the headquarters for the retreat at Bull Run, word was passed down the line to the New York Zouaves. "Do not!" exclaimed a score of the "pet lambs" in a breath. "Do *not!*" "We are ordered to retreat," said the commander. "Wot 'n thunder's that?" responded one of the hard-heads, who evidently did not comprehend the word exactly. "Go back—retire," continued the commander. "Go back—*where?*" "Leave the field." "*Leave?* why, that ain't what we come for. We're here to fight," insisted the boys. "We came here with 1040 men," said the commander. "There are now 600 left—fall back, boys!" and the "lambs" sulkily retired, evidently displeased with the order.

A SCHOOLMASTER, who had an intolerable habit of talking to himself, was asked by a neighbor what motive he could have in talking to himself? Jonathan replied that he had two good and substantial reasons:—"In the first place he liked to talk to a sensible man; in the next place, he liked to hear a sensible man talk."

A GENTLEMAN in a steamboat asked the man who came to collect the passage money if there was any danger of being blown up, as the steam made such a horrid nose. "Not the least," said the sharp collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare."

PATRICK, meeting a jackass braying hideously, remarked: "It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, but he's got a wonderful cowld."

IF a drunken man hears a buzzing in his head, he had better conclude that his brain is breeding bottle-flies.

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